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Our New Serial Story.

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A TEMPERANCE STORY.

BY

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SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

The story opens in Liberty, a New England village. Dick is the son of John Graham, a workingman, who is addicted to drink. His family come to want, and he loses his employment. He is finally put into jail on suspicion of robbery, which he did not commit. The hard and unfeeling conduct of the jailer confirmed him try once more to reform. He is given work by a farmer, who pays his wages to Mrs. Graham, thus not allowing him to have any money to buy rum. Dick, then a lad, is taken as clerk in Mr. Webster's store. He proves himself industrious, zealous and faithful, and saves the store from robbery by trapping two burglars in the cellar. Dick has a boyish engagement with Sarah Gove, a girl of about his own age. Mr. Varney, a wealthy New York merchant, whose boyhood home was in Liberty, revisited the place and renewed his old-time acquaintance with Mr. Webster, Dick's employer. He is attracted by the good qualities of Dick, and takes him into his employ in New York. Dick's fellow-clerks sneer at his temperance principles, and nickname him "Teetotaler Dick." They get Dick drunk by stratagem, and under that influence he is prevented from mentioning to Mr. Varney that they drink, despite his rule to the contrary. Mr. discovered the plot, and summarily discharged all the clerks implicated in it. John Thompson, a fellow-townsman of Dick's, but not in Mr. Varney's employ, finding the risk Dick ran of dying from the drugging and dosing, declared to Dick his resolve also to become a teetotaller, as indeed he had been for some time. He was the result. Dick returns to Liberty on a short visit. Sarah Gove has become a school teacher; they find they have drifted apart, and while they continue their engagement, it is with the tacit understanding that if the feelings of either become repugnant to a marriage, it shall be broken. Mr. Varney determines to send Dick to Europe on business for the house, in which capacity he is kept a secret, and no one knows where he has gone, or for what purpose. His room-mate on the steamer was a Mr. Corning, and the trip was most agreeable.

CHAPTER XXIX.

FIRST DAY IN ENGLAND.

PURSE was raised among the passengers for the survivors of the ill-fated vessel, and the contributions were liberal. Dick was surprised at the unwillingness of everybody connected with the ship to talk on the subject of the collision, and even some of the more experienced passengers displayed the same tendency toward silence. "The less said of these things the better is the idea among steamship men," said Mr. Corning to his young friend; "this is one of the incidents of crossing the Banks, which are more or less crowded with fishing vessels during the season. The argument is openly made that the best plan for a steamer in the fog is to go at as full speed as she can, in that way cut down anything that lies in her course, and is herself less liable to injury. Then, too, she minds her helm more readily than if running slowly, and can turn with comparative quickness if she hears the whistle or fog-horn of any other craft which she may be in danger of encountering. You have observed that we keep our whistle going all the time, so as to warn anything else to get out of the way."

"But it seems they don't get out of the way," said Dick, "or certainly not in this case."

"That's true," was the reply, "and the fact is oftentimes in the fog you can't tell exactly where a vessel is that is sounding a whistle or horn. The fog plays all sorts of pranks with sounds, and makes them appear to come from another quarter than the one where they really are. The only way to avoid these dangers is for the maritime nations to agree that all steam vessels shall keep to the south of the Grand Banks, even at the expense of lengthening their voyages a few hours. Then whenever fog arises they should be compelled to run at half or quarter speed, and a system of sound signals should be arranged that will tell exactly what is the course of the ship."

"Do these accidents happen often?" was Dick's next inquiry.

"A great deal oftener than the public is aware," Mr. Corning answered. "As I said before, the steamship men do everything in their power to keep these things out of the papers and out of the mouths of other folks. If we arrive safely on the other side you will read in the shipping news that we passed on such and such days steamers or sailing ships displaying certain signals; if we see an iceberg or an unknown wreck floating on the water it will be mentioned, but there will be no allusion to the circumstance of running down a fishing vessel and drowning all but four of her crew. Many a fishing vessel has gone to her marine grave with all on board in just this way and not a word has been said about it. All that her owners and the relatives and friends of her crew could ever know was that she sailed for a trip to the fishing banks and was never more heard of."

A few hours after the saddening incident just narrated the fog blew away and the sun came out over the waters. On the horizon away to the southeast lay a huge iceberg glittering in the rays of the great orb of day and towering like a mountain above the watery plain. Passengers gathered at the rail to look upon this curiosity of the deep, and the sinking of the fishing vessel passed from their thoughts. Glasses were brought to bear upon the iceberg, which lay to the right of the steamer's course, in such a position that she did not approach it nearer than within three or four miles. Mr. Corning had a powerful glass which he loaned to Dick, and as the latter gazed intently, he suddenly called out that there were forms moving upon it, and perhaps they were sailors who had been shipwrecked there.

Mr. Corning took the glass and looked at the spot which the young man had indicated.

"You are right," said he, "there are forms moving there, but they are not those that we care anything about. They are polar bears, that have drifted down from Greenland with the berg, and probably find their location a little uncomfortable as the ice melts and reduces the size of their floating home. As they go further south into warmer climes, the ice will melt altogether, and the bears will become food for fishes. Nobody is likely to try to do anything for their relief, as they are not regarded as friends of the human race."

"But haven't I read about men being rescued from icebergs, where they had taken refuge after the loss of their ships?"

"Certainly you have, as such occurrences are far from unknown. Men have lived for weeks on icebergs, subsisting on the animal life found there in the shape of seals and bears, and on the scanty provisions they were able to save from the wreck."

Then followed a long conversation about the peculiarities of icebergs, how they were formed, why they drifted to the south, and what were their uses in the economy of nature. It was all very interesting to our young friend, but we can hardly find place for it in this narrative. Dick learned a great deal on his voyage across the Atlantic, and his retentive memory retained pretty nearly everything that he thus learned.

They were now out of the region of fogs and thenceforth the voyage was uneventful. In due time the coast of Ireland was sighted, the vessel halted briefly off Queenstown to land the mails and such passengers as desired to be put on shore, and then continued her course to Liverpool. As they entered the harbor of England's great seaport, one of the passengers got off the time-worn joke about ships of all nations lying at Liverpool's Mersey; it was laughed at by the newcomers, among whom was Dick, but the old travelers smiled sadly and murmured something relative to the product of the chestnut tree. The forest of masts that designated the shipping in the port attracted Dick's attention, and he realized to some extent the commercial advantages of this marine doorway of Britain's isle.

In bidding good-bye to Mr. Corning, Dick thanked the gentleman for the many courtesies received at his hands and hoped they might meet again.

"Certainly we shall," was the reply, "the world is very small, as you'll find when journeying about it, and men are often running across each other's tracks. We'll run together one of these days somewhere, see if we don't."

Nothing had been said about private matters at any time during the voyage, each of them having kept his personal and business affairs to himself. Dick simply knew that his room-mate was an old traveler who had crossed the Atlantic a great many times and had a good knowledge of all parts of the world. For his own part he had made no further explanation than that he was going abroad for the first time and the whole of the globe outside of certain parts of the United States was new to him.

Their next meeting was a good deal of a surprise to both.

Dick had a letter to Mr. Jordan, a prominent merchant of Liverpool, and on presenting it he was cordially received. He was invited to dine at Mr. Jordan's house the evening after his arrival, and in the meantime one of the junior members of the firm undertook to show him the sights of the place.

The junior's first proposal was that they should visit the Angel Hotel to see the handsome bar-maids at that establishment, and also to take a drink by way of better acquaintance. He was greatly surprised when the young stranger declined the invitation, and still more so when he learned that it was not his habit to drink at all.

"You're the first American commercial traveller that has come here that wouldn't drink; at any rate the first I ever met. You make a great mistake and you'll soon find it out. Our climate is much more damp than yours, and makes drink necessary for most of us. We have to do it to keep off bad effects."

"But how do those get along who don't drink at all?" queried Dick. "You certainly have some teetotallers in England, or so I've heard."

"Yes," was the answer, "but they're a lot of lunatics who don't know what's good for them. If they could have their way the whole business of distilling and selling spirits would be stopped and I really believe they would shut up our breweries too if they could. What would England be without beer?"

This is by no means a new question. It has been discussed a great deal, but no conclusion has ever been reached on which all could agree. That it would be a very dismal place for many, there can be no doubt, but it is equally certain that the health of the nation would be vastly improved. The error in the common belief as to the nutritive qualities of beer has been already shown and need not be here repeated.

Dick did not enter into an argument as to the sanitary advantages of abstaining from beer, but answered the question directly by saying that England would be far better off.

"It would be the ruin of trade," said the other. "Just think of the money invested in breweries and all the other business depending on the making and selling of beer."

Then Dick went into statistics to an extent that astonished the Englishman, who could not understand how an American just landed for the first time should know more about Great Britain than he did himself. The fact was the young man had been loading his mind from a temperance text book that he had found on board the steamer.

"According to good authorities," said Dick, "there are about 30,000 deaths in England every year that are directly traceable to drink, and it is fair to suppose that there is another 30,000 that may be indirectly charged to alcohol. The lives of the people under a just government are part of the wealth and strength of a nation and is it not of consequence to save 60,000 lives every year when proper laws would save them?"

"Yes, of course," was the reply, "but think of the effect upon trade. Stopping all the breweries and distilleries would throw thousands of people out of employment and quite likely starve them or send them to the poor-house."

"Your annual drink bill is one hundred millions of pounds sterling," said Dick, "or five hundred millions of dollars. The same statistics show that one third of this amount is spent by the working classes; now if you could put a stop to the drinking business you would save this third of a hundred million pounds to the workers of England. The saving would go a long way to avert the starvation that you predict."

The conversation was interrupted by the stoppage of the carriage in which they were riding. They were in front of St. George's hall, an immense and magnificent building which is the pride of Liverpool, and one of the first sights to which strangers are attracted. On this occasion Dick's survey was confined to the exterior, his host proposing that a visit to the museum of natural history and the gallery of fine arts, should be made another day.

Other public buildings and monuments were seen in the same way, and then the stranger was taken to the magnificent docks, which may be set down among the wonders of the modern world. Dick made a note to the effect that the docks of Liverpool had a surface area of 370 acres and 24 miles of quays at which vessels may lie. They are built of solid stone or hewn out of the earth and rock, and though costing an enormous amount of money, have amply repaid the expenditure by making Liverpool one of the greatest commercial cities of the world.

They visited several of the docks and observed the ingenious arrangements for handling the cargoes of ships so that they can be discharged and loaded with great rapidity. While walking about the Waterloo dock, which is devoted to vessels in the grain trade, Dick suddenly felt a hand on his shoulder, and looking around, found himself gazing into a familiar face; it was one he had not expected to see in Liverpool, or anywhere east of the Atlantic ocean.

His surprise made him speechless and he stood as though bereft of the use of his tongue.

CHAPTER XXX.

DEGRADATIONS OF BEER.

familiar face that looked upon Dick at the Waterloo dock in Liverpool was that of Frank Fulton, one of his fellow clerks in Mr. Varney's office at the time of the plot to intoxicate our young friend and disgrace him in his own eyes and those of his employer. Fulton was one of those who left the office in consequence of his connection with the conspiracy, and nothing had been known of him from that time. That he should suddenly appear in Liverpool was such a surprise to Dick that it momentarily deprived him of the power of speech.

"Ever so glad to see you," said he to Graham, "and I want to have a talk with you. Tell me where you're stopping so that I can call on you."

Dick named his hotel and it was quickly arranged that they would meet on the following morning at breakfast. Dick hesitated for a moment before invititing his old acquaintance to breakfast with him as he feared a possible complication that might be inconvenient. But he reasoned quickly and concluded that it would be well to have the desired interview and if there was any unpleasant feature about it the sooner it was over the better.

From the docks Dick and his guide returned to the hotel. Promptly at the hour for dinner the young man was at Mr. Jordan's house, where he was cordially received and presented to the merchant's family. The conversation in the parlor previous to the announcement of dinner put the visitor quite at his ease and gave him a favorable impression of the domestic life of England, so far as he had seen it.

Soon as they were seated at table Dick quietly turned his glasses bottom upwards as a sign that he did not wish them filled with wine. Consequently, the butler passed him by when the wine was served, and no notice was taken of his action. When the ladies retired at the end of the meal, and the gentlemen lighted their cigars, Mr. Jordan turned to his guest and said:

"Mr. Graham, I see you neither drink nor smoke; what can we do to entertain you?"

"Nothing, thank you," was the reply, "as I am admirably entertained already. It is a habit of mine to turn over my glasses at dinner. As I've never learned to use wine or cigars, there's nothing to be missed."

"I sincerely wish I had the same habit," said Mr. Jordan, "and if I were to begin life over again I would certainly follow your custom. But don't you find it a little inconvenient now and then?"

"Yes, at times it's a trifle out of the ordinary run, but perhaps less inconvenient than you might suppose. It is said that there are parts of my country where a refusal to drink is regarded as a deadly insult, and the man who declines an invitation must be ready for a shooting match with revolvers. I have never been there and therefore cannot speak from experience, but in such a state of society an abstainer would certainly have a hard time, as long as he remained alive."

"A commercial house doing business there would not be likely to send a teetotaller as its representative," said Mr. Jordan. "There are many places in England among the lower classes where a non-drinker would have a similar experience; not that he would be shot, for our people do not use revolvers, but he would be roughly handled and quite discouraged from going again to the same locality.

"Temperance advocates have been set upon and severely beaten," he continued, "their sole offense being that they advocated the pledge of abstinence from drink on the part of workingmen. The assaults were made by the lowest and most disorderly class of the population and were instigated by the keepers of public houses and other persons interested in the debauchery of mankind. Temperance meetings have been broken up by ruffians who went there for that purpose, and were it not for the police it would be impossible to hold a temperance meeting in many parts of any of the great cities of England or the other British islands."

Finding his host well disposed towards the temperance cause, though not himself a teetotaller, Dick was encouraged to ask several questions about matters on which he desired enlightenment. Mr. Jordan kindly answered them and showed that he had thought much upon the condition of his country and the evils which came to it from drink.

"Temperance has had an up-hill fight in Great Britain," said he, "for the reason that we inherited the use of drink from very early times. All classes in England, from highest to lowest, formerly indulged in drink; the gentry drank wine, the city populations were addicted to gin, shopkeepers to brandy, the middle class to whisky, the southern and western peasantry to cider, and the great mass of the laborers everywhere to beer. The consumption of spirits is two and a half gallons annually for every man, woman and child in England, and of malt liquors 33 gallons.

"Scotland had the curse of drink in the same way, and the amount of crime and pauperism which it engendered brought about the laws which greatly checked the consumption, and made a proportionate decrease of the evils arising from drink. A striking illustration of this was shown at Edinburgh, where, before the passage of the laws closing the drinking places on Sunday and otherwise restricting the trade in spirits, the prison was found insufficient, and was about to be enlarged at great expense. Soon after the passage and enforcement of the laws the prison was found more than sufficient for the needs of the population, and the order for its enlargement was countermanded."

"I suppose Ireland was not an exception to the general rule," Dick remarked.

"Not at all," was the reply. "Half the troubles of Ireland are due to that cause, and those that do not come directly from that cause are aggravated by it. You know that Ireland has repeatedly suffered from famines; well, you'll be interested to learn that these famines have, in some respects, been blessings in disguise. In consequence of the scarcity of grain the distilleries were closed by law; in one year, when they were thus closed in consequence of a bad harvest, the supply of grain was more than sufficient for the population, and it was exported to the value of £4,584. In the previous ten years there had been annually imported grain to the value of £75,282, the home product not being sufficient to keep the distilleries in operation and at the same time feed the people.

"And this was not all," he continued. "In the years of drouth and prohibition the number of convictions for crime was reduced one-half, and the arrests for drunkenness were only one-fourth the former number. When Father Matthew started his temperance movement, which resulted in a large part of the population becoming teetotallers, there was a great reduction of crime and poverty. The good effect of that has been, in a great measure, lost, and the statue of Father Matthew, in Cork, is surrounded by a circle of low drinking shops engaged in the work of adding to the poverty and pauperism of Ireland."

Conversation turned in the direction of beer, which Mr. Jordan thought was a greater curse to the country than the use of ardent spirits, and that was certainly bad enough to make a thoughtful man sad.

"You often hear our lower classes spoken of as the most brutal and degraded on the face of the civilized earth," said he, "and I can't defend them from the charge, as I think they are. The drinking of beer has had much to do with the stupefying of the intellect of Great Britain; it is a brutalizing beverage and steadily tends to drag men down to the level of the quadrupeds, and of the lowest quadrupeds at that. A drunken man who crawls on all fours, because he is unable to stand, is a type of the level to which drink has brought him; he is a biped no longer, but a four-footed beast. Spirits may excite a man, make him wild and furious, but beer never does. He is dull and heavy, but none the less degraded; and his face rivals that of the most stupid of beasts in the immobility of its features.

"There is a popular and very general error in the belief that beer is nourishing and strengthening, and the delusion is supported by the fact that a man can grow stout upon beer. But what kind of stoutness is it? Not the kind that comes from wholesome food, but a flabby sort of fat that has no substance and is a burden to its owner. As to its strengthening powers, you may take the well-known story of your countryman, Dr. Franklin, during his service with a printer in London. He drank only water and was able to carry a large form of type in each hand up and down stairs, while his companions, who drank porter to give them strength, as they said, were only able to carry one form of the same size and weight.

"Dr. Franklin's testimony has been corroborated over and over again in modern times," continued Mr. Jordan. "Nail-makers, coal-heavers, blacksmiths, furnace men, glass-blowers, and others whose labors are especially severe, have found, after trying the abstinence principle for several years, that they performed their work with greater ease to themselves and less fatigue and exhaustion and with greater satisfaction to their employers, than in the times when they drank beer. I employ a good many men in handling grain and other heavy freight, I have made it to their interest to abstain from beer, as I find they do more work and are far more reliable than the drinkers, and many of the men have thanked me most heartily for the encouragement I have given them. One of the hardest things they have to encounter is the opposition of their drinking companions, who ridicule them for their temperance and sometimes go farther than the use of words."

"Have you ever tried the plan of a competitive trial between abstainers and drinkers to ascertain which could do the most?" Dick asked.

"I have never done so myself," was the reply, "but there are plenty of such trials on record. I know of one that was made by a brickmaking establishment in Uxbridge, with this result:

"There were two gangs of men, one working on the abstinence and the other on the moderate-drinking principle, and a careful record was kept for an entire year. The average number of bricks for each beer drinker was 760,269, whilst the average for the teetotallers was 795,400, a difference in favor of the latter of 36,131. The highest number made by a beer drinker was 880,000, while the highest number by a teetotaller was 890,000; the lowest beer drinker's record was 659,500, while the lowest by an abstainer was 746,000. In addition to the increase of work and consequently of wages, we must take into account the saving of money by the abstainers, and the much greater comfort in which their families were supported."

Mr. Jordan gave other illustrations to prove the correctness of the assertion that the great curse of the laboring classes of England was the drinking of beer, but the foregoing will be sufficient, at least for the present. "We have here," he added, "the same trouble that you have in America, the question of interference with vested rights and the matter of revenue. One-third of the revenue of the government comes from the excise duties on spirits and malt liquors, and in some years the proportion is even greater. The royal family, the army and navy and all other departments of the government are in great measure supported by the intemperance of the people, and, therefore, the influence of the men who rule over us is favorable to an increased rather than a diminished consumption of spirits and malt liquors. The evils of drunkenness must go on that the government may thrive, and we carry our policy all over the globe. We made war upon China, and compelled her to open her market to our opium; the Chinese government wished to exclude the drug that was killing many thousands of her people annually, but the cultivation and sale of opium were necessary to the prosperity of our colonies in India, and, therefore, we used our army and navy to extend our commerce. British commerce and industry must thrive, no matter at what cost of human life or happiness. But come, let us rejoin the ladies in the parlor."

So saying, he rose and brought to an end the conversation, or rather the soliloquy, that had been greatly enjoyed by his guest.

TO BE CONTINUED.

HOW THEY DANCED LONG AGO.

Grandma told me all about it;
Told me so I couldn't doubt it,
How she danced—my grandma danced—
Long ago,
How she held her pretty head,
How her dainty skirt she spread,
How she turned her little toes—
Smiling little human rose!
Long ago.

Grandma's hair was bright and sunny,
Dimpled cheeks, too—ah, how funny!
Really quite a pretty girl!
Long ago,
Bless her! why, she wears a cap,
Grandma does, and takes a nap
Every single day; and yet
Grandma danced the minuet,
Long ago.

Now she sits there, rocking, rocking,
Always knitting grandpa's stocking,
(Every girl was taught to knit
Long ago);
Yet her figure is so neat,
And her ways so staid and sweet,
I can almost see her now
Bending to her partner's bow,
Long ago.

Grandma says our modern jumping,
Hopping, rushing, whirling, bumping,
Would have shocked the gentle folk,
Long ago,
No—they moved with stately grace,
Every step in proper place;
Gliding slowly forward, then
Slowly courtesying back again,
Long ago.

Modern ways are quite alarming,
Grandma says; but boys were charming—
Girls and boys, I suppose, of course—
Long ago.
Bravely modest, grandly shy—
What if all of us should try
Just to feel like those who met
In their graceful minuet,
Long ago.

With the minuet in fashion,
Who could fly into a passion?
All would wear the calm they wore
Long ago.
In time to come, if I perchance,
Should tell my grandchild of our dance,
I should really like to say,
We did, dear, in some such way,
Long ago.
—[Providence Journal.

BREATH OF SONG.

From the minister's organ loft,
Floating down the shadowed nave,
Comes a strain of music soft,
Falling as a weary wave,
Falls upon the hush of sand,
Murmurous and sweet and bland,
Fearing from the mighty sea
Messages of melody.

There, alone, the organist
Lets his listless fingers go—
Lost in a melodious mist—
O'er the keyboard, to and fro;
There, half dreaming in the gloom,
Sits the weaver at his loom,
Weaving with the threads of sound
Music-woof of warp around.

All unconsciously he hides
Strains familiar in his theme
When a master spirit glides
Through the doorway of his dream;
Mozart, Handel, Chopin, or
Harmony's great conjuror—
Rapt Beethoven!—each is part
Of the dreaming player's heart.

So the Poet dreams, nor heeds
Who may listen, who may hear;
Following where Fancy leads,
She alone to him is dear;
Omar, Keats, Theocritus,
In his voice may speak to us
From the realm of ages dim—
These are the hearts of him!

Poets in the field of Time,
Since the world began, have sown
Wide the precious seeds of rhyme,
And to us to-day are blown
Odors from these poem-flowers—
Seedlings of the later hours—
Blossoming the fields along,
Breathing the sweet breath of song.
—[Frank Dempster Sherman, in Independent.

Wanted a Record Breaker.

"I want to employ a man to saw wood," said an old farmer at an employment agency.

"All right," responded the agent. "We have an able bodied young man who is looking for just such a situation, and—"

"But I don't want a young man," interrupted the farmer. "I want a man about 97 years old. I have read in the papers about these old fellows sawing a cord of wood before breakfast, and it usually takes a young man all day to perform the job."
—[Norristown Herald.

One From Each.

Barkeeper—I notice you have always five pennies for your glass of beer in the morning.

Toper—Yes.

"How is it?"

"I'm a married man."

"Well?"

"I have five children."

"Yes."

"Each one has a little bank. Further explanation is unnecessary." —[Boston Courier.

Mistaken.

Prospective Tourist—I am going West because I have reason to believe that it is a great place to settle in.

Returned Tourist—I'm not so sure of that. I lived there ten years myself, and never paid a bill while I was there.—[Philadelphia Inquirer.

Just Like an Old Book.

Cumso (whose wife has sent him to "match" some goods)—Have you any calico like this?

Dry Goods Merchant—I am sorry to say that I am like a rare book.

How is that?

I'm out of print.—[Munsey's Weekly.

Our Brave Citizen Soldiers.

"Has your regiment a good fighting record?"

"Splendid! One of our company captains has got out an injunction restraining the colonel from recognizing the lieutenant colonel-elect, and two of our first sergeants nearly killed each other at drill last night."—Puck.

Our New Testament Serial.

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"COME FORTH."

A STORY OF THE TIME OF CHRIST.

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS,

Author of "The Gates Ajar," "Beyond the Gates," etc.

AND THE REV. HERBERT D. WARD.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Ariella, the bedridden daughter of Malachi and Hagaar, is left almost alone in their house at Bethany for the day, while they go up to Jerusalem. Baruch, the blind man, is brought by his mother to beguile Ariella's loneliness; a tender sentiment is growing between these two afflicted people. Baruch suggests that Ariella might be cured by the miraculous power of the young rabbi, Jesus of Nazareth. Malachi the Pharisee, Ariella's father, comes home in a towering rage over Jesus's discourse in the synagogue, in which the hypocrisy of the Pharisees is denounced, and orders his wife and daughter to have nothing to do with Jesus. Baruch's mother, Rachel, invites Ariella to visit her and spend the night. Her parents assent, and the lame girl is carried on a litter to her friend's home. That evening Jesus comes and heals her. Ariella is well-nigh mad with joy, and walks to her home in the morning. Her father is fearfully angry over the matter, and accuses Ariella of having deceived him, alleging that she had not been sick. He keeps Ariella shut up in the house, that the miracle may not be known. Hagaar, her mother, takes charge of the household and puts her in the care of Baruch's mother. Jesus heals Baruch's blindness.

Lazarus, who is a contractor and builder, goes to the palace of Annas, the ex-high priest, to make some repairs. Several times during the progress of the work he meets Zahara, the beautiful daughter of Annas, and falls madly in love with her. He declares his love, which she reciprocates. Shortly after, Annas goes with his daughter to spend the hot months at his villa at Capernaum, on the shores of the sea of Galilee. Lazarus is summoned thither to build an addition to the villa. One evening at supper, Zahara, with her maidens, goes on the lake. A sudden tempest comes down upon the sea. Lazarus notes that her boat is driving across the lake toward the east, but darkness falls, and he can not see it longer. He dashes wildly along the shore, far beyond the city, when a sudden calm comes down upon the sea, and in a gleam of unearthly light he sees Jesus come walking upon the water, bearing the dripping and insensible form of Zahara in his arms. He places her on the shore, at Lazarus's side, and disappears. Zahara and Lazarus exchange mutual endearments, and she declares that she will marry him, and him alone, despite her father's hostility and her high station in life. They reach the house of Annas, where Zahara tells her father Lazarus has saved her, and Annas receives him with gratitude as her deliverer, insists on Lazarus remaining as his guest. The next day, however, Lazarus informs Annas that Jesus saved the girl from the waves. The high priest, who hates Jesus, is angry, and Lazarus leaves his house, and abandons his contract. He meets Zahara secretly, and she implores him to abandon Jesus.

CHAPTER XVII.

OW, Lord," whispered Baruch, "Lord, I did ask naught of thee and thou hast given me all!"

He uttered these words in an awed, breathless voice; with the manner of a man who spoke to some person quite near him. His face was upturned; his hands were clasped; he had fallen upon his knees.

Ariella stood before him, shining and sweet; she smiled while Baruch prayed. But his mother wept for joy, and bowed her head upon her hands. The man born blind had said:

"My mother, I behold thee! Thou hast a dear countenance. Let me look upon it while I can." This was hours ago, and still the wonder held. No return of their lifelong darkness had visited those afflicted eyes. As the night had passed on, the rather Baruch testified that his vision clarified. From cloud and haze, and floating, shining spots, and wavering phantasms, and dizzy vagaries of light and shade, firm outline grew, and perspective took her place, and the laws of optics slowly and surely asserted themselves. After the first thrill of delight in the sight of Ariella and the natural movement of tenderness toward his mother, profound religious emotion had seized the devout nature of the blind man. He had passed much of the night in a rapture of prayer which the two women dared not disturb.

"Let him alone," whispered Rachel through her happy tears, "give him his way. He always asked it as well as man with eyes. Praying is safe business and keeps him out of harm's way till his sight be stronger, if, praise to God, it doth remain unto him. But for my part, I had rather he slept for a space. There's nothing weareth upon the eyes like watching."

"I would that he were here who hath performed this marvel," murmured Ariella. "He would direct us what to do. He knoweth all things."

"If that be the cause he knows enough to manage his own cures," retorted Rachel's practical sense. "Would that he were here, that I might fall down and worship him! But I should leave him to attend to his own affairs. I should not say: Lord, shall my son do thus? Must my son do so? Women do displease men by that manner of prattle; and I suppose he is a man after all," added Rachel. "I'm sure I don't know who else to call him."

While the women whispered together, Baruch silently prayed on.

Toward morning Ariella slipped away to her own couch and slept; for she was weary with the accumulating excitement of the day. To the invalid, for years confined to the little world of the sick room, the recent events of life were nothing less than tremendous. Her scale of estimates was so fine that such experiences were to her soul as wars to the history of nations. The cure of the blind man crowning the whole, almost stunned the girl. She slept from sheer exhaustion, long and heavily.

Mother and son remained together in the familiar room. Rachel watched Baruch like a tigress her young. Baruch seemed almost unconscious of her. He had fallen into a spiritual ecstacy.

Truly it seemed that this unusual man cared less in that hour of deliverance from the worst of human afflictions, for the newly revealed and precious power of sight, than he did that the attitude of his own soul toward the sources of this incredible mercy might be the right one. He was, in short, too nearly overcome with gratitude to God and to the Healer to be trivially diverted by the marvels of vision.

"If thou would'st stop praying long enough to get a nap," suggested his mother at last, "thou couldst begin again afterwards."

"I do but grow stronger as I pray," replied Baruch gently. "Behind my eyeballs I feel weakness strengthen, and power cometh upon me, as if it were the moving of an unseen force. But thou art my mother and I obey thee."

With these childish words, Baruch turned like a little boy, laid his head upon his mother's knees, and slept. Rachel put her thin, elderly hands upon his curling hair. Her tears fell silently. She dared not move. She sat till dawn, and blessed him. Only she who has born an afflicted child can understand the thoughts of Rachel.

Commotion ruled the house of Malachi. It was morning; in fact the banners of the early day were well unfurled upon the fairest of skies and unto the gayest of breezes. It was a cool day, when people are easily astir in Eastern countries, and the crowd in front of the house was larger than usual. Rumor had gone softly, but had whispered that unusual occurrences were taking place within the house of the Pharisee. It was impossible to make out what; and curiosity invented tale upon tale.

The fact was nothing more than Malachi's discovery of the flight of Ariella. Of this event Hagaar, her mother, was the most innocent woman alive. She had waked her lord from his sonorous slumbers at a late hour with the agitated announcement that the bed of Ariella was empty. Malachi sprang and cursed. Hagaar paled and wept. He stormed and commanded. She searched and sighed. He accused her of complicity in the trick. She denied it in the name of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, by the souls of the prophets, and by the house of David. He fell into a fury, and she dropped upon her knees. He made as if he would have rushed from the house to discover and secure the maiden. But a glance at the gathering mob in front of his gates withstood him. In vain Hagaar entreated him shrewdly: "Go, my lord; go forth! Hasten and seek thy daughter, lest harm befall her. Go thou and gain news of Ariella, or my heart will be broken within me."

"Nay then, since thou askest, that I will not!" retorted her husband, "the damsel may go hang herself for aught I will bestir myself for her!"

At this moment the clamor of the people arose shrilly:

"The maiden! The maiden! Give us news of the maiden on whom the miracle was wrought! Come forth, Malachi, thou double-faced Pharisee, and account for her!"

Upon this Malachi flung open the door. His disordered appearance and agitated face added to the jeers of the crowd. As soon as he began to speak, a hum of sarcastic sympathy arose.

"Poor fellow," cried a rough voice, "we are come to mourn with him over his domestic misfortunes. Such a calamity is it—an invalid daughter!"

"And mine, O my neighbor," protested Malachi, "is greatly increased of her infirmity. Ariella lieth in my house, the most helpless, whining woman of them all. But I may not upbraid her, for I fear me for the nature of her disease which groweth worse upon her always from its fear me that this sickness is unto death. Condole with me, O my neighbor, and spare me these numerous expressions of your sympathy; go ye your ways, I do entreat you, and leave an afflicted household in peace unto itself."

At this instant the crowd parted with a kind of electric shock. The soldier voice hushed. Not a word was spoken. In the silence of stupefaction of the people divided to the right and to the left and fell back.

Straight through them, erect, strong, fair, and smiling, walked Ariella. She was led by Baruch, the man born blind. He turned his face upon his neighbors, with bright, unaccustomed eyes, behind them walked Rachel, quivering with joy.

"Behold," she cried shrilly, "behold my son who was born as blind as any mummy in the sepulchres of Egypt. No man in Bethany seeth better than Baruch seeth on this day. The Nazarene hath wrought the deed. Behold the maiden whom he hath healed. Behold my son to whom he hath given eyes that nature could deny him. Behold Baruch! Behold Ariella! Bless the Nazarene!"

"The Nazarene! The Nazarene!"

The crowd took up the cry. It rose and swelled with a mighty shout. The morning air throbbed with it.

"He hath wrought a wonder in our midst such as no man knoweth of until this day. Where is the Nazarene? Bless him! Crown him! Call him! Jesus of Nazareth be glorified in Bethany from this hour!"

But Ariella and Baruch fell upon their knees at the sound of that precious name; and there among all the people they offered thanks unto Jehovah because of him; and forgot the people and forgot the clamor, and heeded nothing but their own once miserable plight, and his power and mercy who had snatched them from it.

But the mood of the people was not so solemn; and another cry quickly replaced the name of the Nazarene:

"Malachi! Malachi, the Pharisee! Have him out! Have out the father who dealeth the marvel wrought upon his daughter, and tricketh the people of Bethany and of Jerusalem. Have him out unto us!"

Before any calmer spirit could interfere, the roughs of the crowd had burst open the door of the house, and seized the cursing, shaking Malachi from behind a curtain, where he had ingloriously hidden. They had him out, indeed. They tore him out, and tossed him to and fro, and in default of a pool to plunge him in, fetched water and soused him smartly till he was like to drown. In the sputtering and exhausted condition consequent on this treatment, they rolled him down the hill till he was clothed with dust and well-nigh suffocated. Somewhat appeased by his abject appearance, and by the hard exercise consequent on the handling they had given him, the crowd now returned the unlucky man to his own bed, and tied him thereupon with strips of the coverlets till he lay bound hand and foot.

"Lie there," shouted a merry voice, "till you have learned what it is to be bedridden, and arise not till she whom you have wronged shall have the mind to free you! If the maiden taketh our advice she will let you stay when we do leave you for this many a day to come!"

With this the people departed, leaving the thoroughly subjugated Pharisee to the mercy of his women.

Now, among the happy marvels crowding the blind man's experience in these wonderful days, certain circumstances may have interest for those who are inclined by nature to view the wonder always from its natural or scientific side. Many curious incidents befell Baruch in the first use of his eyesight. Common objects had phenomenal proportions for him.

"What manner of man is this?" he asked, when he lifted his eyes to the olive-tree of Bethany. The sight of the mountain-top covered him with perplexity. He said that he had thought it like a timbrel, but this was like a trumpet. At the view of the great Desert of Judea, Baruch was overcome. He remained silent before it for a long time, and when he was spoken to, he was found to be in tears.

"The lives of all the blind and sick of all the world lie there," he said. At his first sight of the city he fell upon his knees.

"Behold," he cried, "I see the garment of the living God."

When the full moon flooded Judea, Baruch walked forth unto the brows of Olivet. Here he remained for that night, until the dawn arose. His mother followed him for a space, but when she saw the high look upon the young man's face, she turned back and left him to his solitary ecstacy. At dawn he returned to her, and said:

"The moon is a lady. She is of high birth. The earth is her lover and worshipeth her from afar. I have witnessed the loves of earth and heaven."

"Mother," added Baruch, after some thought, "why might not Ariella have accompanied me to the mountain, as I did beseech her? Methinks I should have seen two moons with Ariella. She withdraweth from me."

"Because thou art no longer a blind boy," returned Rachel, "but a whole man. Thou must deal with the maiden like other men."

"I deal with her as the earth dealeth with the moon," said Baruch.

"But that is no way to treat a girl," retorted Rachel. "There is no moonshine about Ariella. She has as good sense, for that matter, as any girl I know. She knows, if thou dost not, that except she wed thee, she must withhold herself from thee. Ye are no longer two poor fools of affection, set apart from the laws of God and men, that ye may be trusted together by the hours as of old. Ariella may—nay all Jerusalem, for the fame of the wonder hath gone abroad—would teach ye better in the gossip of one day."

"But why did not Ariella tell me so?" protested Baruch naively. "She said unto me that she did not wish to climb the mountain."

"Why doth not a damsel woo a man, indeed!" cried Rachel, laughing loudly. "Verily, my son, thou provest thyself born blind in spite of the miracle."

Baruch blushed, and was silent. In a few moments he said, carelessly, as if he sought rather to divert than continue the conversation:

"When I behold Ariella, I behold two Ariellas. This perplexes me. With one eye I do see the old Ariella, a poor maiden, thin and tender, lying on her lonely couch. With the other I behold the new Ariella; she springeth and walketh to and fro; she is like the sunrise; she hath an

like a pebble on a smooth board, a little inclined by long habit. Absence from Zahara had a profound effect upon Lazarus. Most men mope a little under such circumstances. This sensitive and passionate nature despaired. Lazarus was even capable of dying for love's sake. Such things exist, and have always existed. The case was complicated for Lazarus by Zahara's final demand upon him in their solemn interview upon the shore of the lake. "Abandon the Nazarene." A thousand times a day the intimate friend of Jesus cried: "Impossible!" A thousand times the lover of Zahara temporized: "But how tell her so?" From dark to dawn his nature argued with itself: "He ruleth my soul!" "She ruleth my heart!" "Unto him is my duty." "Unto her is my truth." "Him will I never deny." "From her can I never part." "He is my lord." "She is my queen." "To him I am loyal." "To her I am true."

The strength of Lazarus, of which he had once a goodly, manly store, began to decline rapidly. It is just to this tossed and tempted soul to say that, with his force of body, his force of will began to weaken. This is a common calamity; the sorest and saddest feature of physical unfitness, and one that commands, in all ages and in any state of society, the least sympathy.

One day, without a sign of warning, he met her suddenly in a bazaar in Jerusalem.

Her maidens were with her. She and Rebecca were purchasing purple silk and gold fringes. Her litter waited without. Lazarus, who was trafficking with the owner of the shop over some matter of decoration needed in the palace of the Maccabees, turned violently pale. His love rushed upon him at the sight of her like a torrent that no man withstandeth. His hands were full of tapestries, and, bending over his purchases, he managed to approach her and to say in a thrilling whisper:

"Zahara!"

"We are returned to the palace," murmured the lady, Zahara, toying leisurely with the purple silk. "Forgettest thou me, Lazarus?"

"If I see thee not, I die!" breathed Lazarus.

Zahara arched the pretty eyebrows which were distractingly distinct above her silver veil.

"Did thy Rebecca be on watch for my Abraham," Lazarus continued to say, "I have purposes, and them shall I enforce."

Zahara drew herself up haughtily; then fluttered a little with a throb of feminine respect for this masterful speech. She said nothing; the merchant spoke:

"Will the most worshipful lady deign to consider the dyes used in this silk of purple?"

Lazarus examined his tapestries in palpitating silence. When he raised his head Zahara was drifting to her litter, like a shining thought. She did not turn her head. Too swiftly she was gone.

At that moment was born the daring venture which Lazarus and Zahara afterward put in execution with a determination and a recklessness that had effects inconceivable by them upon certain of the blind actors in this tale, and upon the history of the world.

When Lazarus had been employed upon the Temple about a year ago, he had been called apart from the workmen to inspect a matter requiring the master's eye. Lazarus was more than a carpenter or a master builder. He was an intelligent man with an eye trained to proportions; he was regarded as only artisan still imported by Herod from Greece or Rome. From foundation stone to marble turret, he was a relentless inspector of work. A column in the inner temple had departed from the true perpendicular. Its carven base had sensibly shifted, and Lazarus was sent for to inquire the cause and prescribe the remedy. He had been led to a heavy tapestry that ornamented an alcove in the High Priest's vestment chamber. A door was revealed behind the embroidery, as Lazarus was guided through a passage by a priest of high rank into the damp darkness of the subterranean chamber below the Temple. Here were the foundation stones placed by Solomon. Near by was the treasure chamber Korban, and a sacred few, and there was the crumbling masonry for which the skillful eye was searching. Lazarus spent the morning in surveys and calculations; the Priest departed and bade him follow when his work was done. Lazarus had privileges beyond the mechanics. Was he not a Jew among Jews and a famous Pharisee?

When he slipped back through the same vaulted passage, his trained eye could not help wandering by the light of the cedar torch along the neatly laid blocks of limestone. Just as he was about to emerge, behind the tapestry he noticed a bar of bronze that projected from a block larger than the rest. He stopped, and musingly pushed and then pulled it. Silently the stone moved on hidden hinges, and the new draft almost extinguished the light. No one was there. He glanced with curiosity and youth take no long time to decide. Lazarus bent, and entered, and softly closed the secret door behind him. Soon the passage became high enough for him to stand and walk. It was in excellent condition, and showed signs of frequent use. Down, down it went. The adventurer reflected. Did it lead to the sea? He heard frequent sounds of rushing water, but the passage was dry. After descending and winding for a time, the avenue began to lead up. The air was fresh and cool. Could it be that it led to the tomb of David? A thousand conjectures arose in the imagination of Lazarus, as he toiled stubbornly up the steep ascent. Soon steps helped him. Then another block of stone barred his way. He had reached the mysterious end. He drew a breath and pushed. The light of the hot sun greeted him. He was in the midst of deep shadows. He looked, and half-grown clusters of grapes smiled at him. With cautious step he parted the twining vines. He looked upon a well-kept terrace. Opposite was the glorious temple. This was the terrace of Annas, the High Priest. Above frowned the palace.

Lazarus examined this strangely-protected entrance curiously. He took quick and careful note of its location. He quietly returned, placed the stone in position, and walked back as swiftly as the unequal way would allow. Once only he stopped; that was when he heard the rushing as of a torrent above him. He did not look up, but only wondered where the water came from and whither it went. Had Lazarus but raised his hand he could have felt a brazen disk that divided the waters from the passage by not more than the width of a thumb. A hundred cubits further ascent, and he cautiously emerged from this impressive corridor. His discovery was undiscovered. He kept his counsel, as the subterranean passage did her own. The secret never passed his lips; nor did the mystery deeply concern his curiosity. The agitated nature of the times and the autocratic authority of the Sanhedrin left little occasion for wonder at any expedient or subterfuge, light or dark, upon the part of the ecclesiastical princes. Whether this passage had been built for prayer or villainy, for the disposal of burnt offerings, idolators, vigils, fastings or amours, who could say? Lazarus never knew; and never greatly cared. His discovery occurred to him now, with a mental flash, and a crash like lightning and thunder. It shot through him there in the bazaar while Zahara was flushing over the purple silk. When his soul started and said: "If I see thee not I die!" the whole scheme seemed to spring to meet him.

To make the story short, he confided in his fellow Abraham, Sahara trusted Rebecca. The man and the maid melted. Abraham revealed the situation. Rebecca bore the tale to her mistress. Upon the seventh night following the interview in the bazar, the daring lovers met below ground between the palace and the Temple.

To accomplish this end it had been necessary for Lazarus to renew work upon the Temple. This he had found little difficulty in doing; for his services were always in demand. It had been less easy to make a job behind the Priests' quarters; but this obstacle, too, the young builder had finally conquered. Upon plea of late and solitary labor, performed more skillfully without the men, Lazarus had managed to obtain access at an early hour in the evening to the subterranean passage from the Temple entrance. He replaced the stone behind him. The drowsy priests did not notice whether or when the builder left the Temple. Lazarus pushed through with hot haste; and with bounding heart reached the extreme end of the passage, ascended the grass-grown slide—moved it quickly and quietly aside, and stretched out his hand into the grapevine. This was the signal of meeting. Midway of the vine he grasped the soft fingers of Zahara. Zahara had a spice of the adventuress in her; she liked this daring business; it stirred her soul and body. She darted behind the grape vine and allowed her lover to draw her into his forbidding trysting-place, without a quaver. Abraham stood sentry; in the dark at the mouth of the passage Rebecca watched the palace. Lazarus and Zahara were alone. He clasped her in the gloom without a word, and when he had suffocated her with kisses, in silence and darkness, he raised a temple lamp and stared upon her beauty, like one gone mad with love and joy. Zahara was a little pale, but she shone resplendent in that dreary place.

"Zahara! Brightness! Bright one!" cried Lazarus rapturously, "I risk my life for thy lips!"

"And I my liberty for thine," replied Zahara with a sweet pride. Then they clasped, and spoke no more for the closeness of their embrace, and that first meeting gave no space for other speech or language between them but the language of the lips and arms. They met rapturously and parted soon and safely; Zahara and Rebecca returned together to the palace. Abraham and Lazarus departed by different ways to their own places. All went as smoothly as a canoe over a torrent. Nothing had happened to hinder or alarm the lovers. The escapade was undiscovered and repeated. In fact, it was repeated for many a night.

These meetings were always necessarily short; but they lengthened insensibly and dangerously. Lazarus felt himself quivering between heaven and hell—the heaven of her presence and the hell of losing it. Zahara enjoyed herself supremely without diverting fears. The girl was born for a wider life than the poor prison of experience accorded to Oriental maidens. She had possibilities in her which the palace of the High Priest recognized no more than they recognized her ecclesiastical capacity to be voted into the Sanhedrin. This adventure delighted her. She waved its dangers away like a queen and kissed the warmer for them.

As the two became more accustomed to each other's precious presence they managed to introduce some articulate communication into the wild scene. In their damp and gusty rendezvous, with the light of the lover's lamp flaring wildly upon their faces, and their strained ears grown refined by their new exercise, listening to every sound beyond their own heart-beats, Lazarus and Zahara did the first conversing of their lives.

Zahara returned quickly enough to the subject which had now mounted far beyond their personal ease, and had become the main source of excitement, amity, or enmity in Judea: the career of the Nazarene. Zahara remained firm in her repulsion to this man, and to all which he represented in the movement of her times. She had her instinct of high-born against the low, of culture against rudeness, of the conservative against the progressive, of the Sanhedrin against the dissenter, of ecclesiasticism against religious liberty, of a young and haughty woman against that which she had not been educated to respect. She demanded of Lazarus nothing less than his entire desertion of the dangerous itinerant agitator.

"Have I not done enough that is disloyal for thy sake?" inquired Lazarus mournfully. "For thee, I have not had converse with the man for now longer than I dare reflect upon. Each day I vow unto myself that I will see the face of this Jesus, and pray his forgiveness for ingratitude that the man thou lovest ought to be assumed of, my Zahara! Each night I kiss thee, and I behold him not. I am as far as it goes."

"That is all very well as far as it goes," replied Zahara, with a little feminine self-satisfaction at her conquest of her lover. "But that is not enough. I like not to see thee the dupe of such pretenders. Thou art not like low-born men, deceived by children and old women."

In vain did Lazarus reason with Zahara, touching the true nature and achievements of his friend. When he spoke of the modesty, the sincerity, the tenderness, the exquisite sympathy, the God-like unselfishness of the man, Zahara stopped his lips with a kiss; when he related the marvels wrought by the Rabbi, Zahara arched her pretty brows. When he urged his thrilling neighborhood histories of the sick girl and the blind man, Zahara said cures were common things. When he insisted upon her own personal indebtedness to the Savior of her life at Lake Gennesaret, Zahara smiled in a chilly, well-bred way, strongly suggestive of her father, except that her expression was so thoroughly lady-like.

"What wilt thou?" cried Lazarus in despair, one night. "What will thou, then? Is there any test which thou wilt take of the love of my words, or of the sanity of my judgment, or of the miraculous power and character of him whom thou despisest and I revere, whom thou scornest and I obey? Our hearts are one, Zahara. Our minds should not be twain. Thy pertinacity grieveth me for love's sake. Tell me then! What proof wilt thou take, of him or of me, that thou shalt consider the claims of this holy and self-forgetful man?"

"When with mine own eyes I behold him give life unto the dead, O, my lover! I will consider," laughed Zahara lightly.

"Thou impetious Zahara!" groaned Lazarus. "Thou demandest the impossible of nature and the Nazarene."

Their lamp went out at this moment, and Zahara clung to him in a pretty fright. In the dark his lips fell for hers, and he said no more about the Rabbi.

Before he lifted his face, a low voice without, upon the terrace, called him urgently. It was Abraham, the slave.

"Rebecca warneth me," whispered Abraham, "the High Priest in the palace calleth for the lady Zahara."

The trembling lovers pushed aside the grass-grown slide and ventured out. Lazarus drew Zahara into the open air—it was raining violently—and, they stood for an instant with held breath, palpitating behind the shield of vines. Quivering, they listened and stared for sound and signal which should decide the nature and extent of the danger.

TO BE CONTINUED.

FOR SEASICKNESS

Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. PRICE, of the White Star S. S. Germanic, says: "I have prescribed it in my practice among the passengers traveling to and from Europe, in this steamer, and the result has satisfied me that if taken in time, it will, in a great many cases prevent seasickness."

THE PACK OF CARDS.

This life is but a pack of cards,
That each one has to learn;
Each shuffles, cuts, and deals the pack,
And each a trump does turn.

When diamonds chance to rule the pack,
Then players stake their gold;
Heavy sums are lost and won
'Twixt players young and old.

Intent on winning, each his game
Will watch with eager eye,
That he may see his neighbor's card,
And cheat him on the sly.

When hearts are trumps we play for love,
Then pleasure rules the hour;
There's nought can check our happy joys
In beauty's rosy bower.

We laugh, we sing, sweet verses write,
Or cards, at harmony play;
While hearts remain upon the top,
That's our game all the day.

When clubs are trumps look out for war,
On ocean and on land,
For awful terrors always come
When clubs are held in hand.

Then lives are staked instead of gold,
The dogs of war are freed;
Turkey fared very bad
When clubs had got the lead.

The spade, the last of men,
When near at hand the hand of time,
Will wait the last of the player's game
In every age and clime.

No matter how much we win,
No matter how much we save,
The spade will unlash up the game,
And dig the player's grave.

Or plain, or beautiful, the while,
No lady can afford to smile,
Unless her teeth are like the snow;
And if she fails in this,
And can't afford to smile or kiss,
She must use SOZODONT, I trow.

Poor Little Jack Lincoln.

"Jack" Lincoln was born after the death of President Lincoln, and as the only grandson, Mrs. Lincoln, sr., insisted that he should be called Abraham Lincoln. Robert Lincoln and his wife both objected to handicapping the boy with that name, and held out as long as they could. Finally Mrs. Robert Lincoln, who was the only person who could even "get on" with, keep the peace with and manage her mother-in-law, yielded, but said quietly to the rest of the family: "We will always call him Jack, and when he is grown up he can do as he wishes about the Abraham."

Jack Lincoln was in knickerbockers while his father lived here, in the Garfield and Arthur cabinets, and was the chum of Frank Hatton's son Dick, who is of the same age. The day after the Cleveland inauguration, when the two youngsters broke loose from school and ran home to get the run of the new cabinet, each mounted his bicycle and went to jeer over the downfall of the other. They spied each other on the way, and, circling around, Jack Lincoln, yelled: "Bill old private citizen! You'll walk now, you will. You won't ride in a government carriage any more!"

Dicky Hatton is the enfant terrible who walked up to Gen. Gresly when the latter had just returned from the Arctic regions and, putting his hand on the hero's knee, asked confidentially: "Say, now, I just want to know if you really did eat that Dutchman, anyhow?" It only happened that Dicky Hatton got the chance to ask the question first, as both youngsters were crazy about Gen. Gresly.

Jack Lincoln changed greatly in the four years between leaving here and going abroad. He grew tall, thin, angular and awkward, and was painfully shy and embarrassed. Many saw a likeness to his grandfather Lincoln, and others declared him the image of Mrs. Lincoln's brother, Willie Harlan, who was a gay young society man here in his day, but died of consumption in Colorado some years ago. —[Wash. cor. New York World.

—BEECHAM'S PILLS cure bilious and nervous ills.

A QUESTION OF IDENTITY.

A Humorous Story of Life Insurance.

ONE time, about eight years ago, a certain man living in Pecatonica, Ill., and who may be called Burns for short, insured his life in the Provident Savings Life Assurance company, of New York, for $6,000. He was examined and accepted by the company's physician in an adjoining town, and made the policy payable to a young lady for whom he had developed a singular degree of fondness, but whom he had never married. Shortly afterward, just in the beginning of winter, he took out an additional $4,000 policy in another company and proceeded thereafter about his regular business, which did not at any time seem to worry him much, as he was given to hunting, fishing and boating in summer, skating and sleighing in winter, and was the recipient of much feminine attention, as gay young bachelors of leisure frequently are.

He was in good health and bounding spirits, and one day in December he left his lodgings at the end of town and went to the river for a season of skating, declining any company other than his own. He put on his skates and went skimming over the smooth surface of the river, swinging in wide circles and cutting the fancy strokes of an adept at the sport till he reached a point three miles from town, where he passed a group of men loading wood, shouted a greeting to them and passed out of sight. They recognized him and remarked on his grace as a skater, but they never saw him again. Burns never came back to town. His Pecatonica friends never saw him again, and

his loss was mourned more bitterly than would have been the untimely end of any benedict in the place. In a day or two a group of boys came up from the country along the river four miles from town and said they saw a man whose description answered that of Burns come skating toward them the morning of his disappearance, while they were attending to some muskrat traps; that he was performing some marvelous gyrations, and that he suddenly disappeared in a sink hole or air hole or some other opening in the ice.

Burns's friends went down the river and found ice marks of his skates from the very point where he had put them on, past the group of wood haulers, who added their statement of identification, and down to within two hundred yards of where the youthful trappers had treed a muskrat. Here they found a hole about ten feet across formed by a spring which

"THE SHOUTED A GREETING TO THEM AND PASSED OUT OF SIGHT."

prevented the water from freezing. The skate-marks led to the very edge of the hole, and there were lost forever. It looked like accidental death, and Miss Matilda, the charming lady under the policies of life insurance, asked that the money be paid her that she might suitably mourn so beneficent a lover. But there was something unusual in a young man in ordinary circumstances insuring his life for $10,000, and until the body was produced and identification fixed beyond a doubt the soulless corporation declined to contribute.

Along in April the ice was well out of the river, and the bed was dragged for the body of Burns. Strangely enough to some, just as others had expected, the body of a man was found some distance down the river. He had on Burns's clothes, Burns's skates were strapped on his feet, and in one of the pockets of Burns's open-face watch. The identification seemed complete, though much of the flesh had been eaten by turtles and fishes. Matilda wept over the remains, as became a girl whose loss was her great gain, and then dried her eyes, caused decent burial to be solemnized, and—asked again for her money.

But chief among those who examined and identified the body was Dr. Fills, who had passed upon Burns's application for insurance. He seemed exceedingly interested in the case, making many trips to Pecatonica and comforting Matilda by almost daily visits. He cheered her so effectually that on the 4th of July they were married, and the girl laid aside her weeds the day she was wed. She soon found reason to be completely satisfied to paying the insurance money, and suit was brought to compel them. They found Burns had made a will by which the doctor inherited all his little worldly wealth, and this, with some other facts, still induced them to question the validity of the claim, although complaints were coming in daily and patrons began to object vigorously to the course which seemed to threaten the value of their own claims. The case did not come to trial until the following winter, and then one day Matilda's lawyer put that young lady on the stand and showed her case to the jury. Her physician husband followed. Then came the person who had seen Burns strap on his skates and start down the river; then the wood haulers who saw him pass; then the boys who saw him disappear in the sink-hole; then the coroner and jury that sat on the body found in April; then a cloud of witnesses who had viewed that body and pronounced it all that remained of Burns; lastly, the policies of insurance, and the plaintiff closed. It looked like a clear case, and jurors and spectators changed glances as the defendant's attorney asked for an adjournment until the following day. Was he going to offer a compromise?

Next morning bright and early the court-room was filled, and every one was on tip-toe to see how much of the $10,000 Matilda secured. Lawyers, jurors, witnesses and judge, all were in their places, and the sheriff stopped chewing tobacco long enough to cry out the customary "Hear ye, hear ye," and the rest of the legend about the honorable Circuit court being now in session. Bill Evans, a barber, was placed in the witness chair by the defense. What did he know?

"Were you acquainted with John Burns?" he was asked, after the usual preliminary questions about name, place of residence, and daily occupation.

"I was," he replied.

"He is living?"

"He is."

"How do you know?"

"Because I am looking right at him now!"

All eyes followed the barber's keen glance. Judge, jury, lawyers, witnesses—everybody rose up and gazed in horrified interest at an apparition near the door. There stood John Burns, sound and well. The barber was discharged and he took the stand. His identification was instantaneous, complete, unquestioned. Even Matilda broke down and wept, though something more than joy at seeing him may have moved her. The doctor grew white and red and white again, then fainted outright, and was carried to the door.

Burns told his story. He and the girl and the doctor formed the scheme to get $10,000 from the insurance companies. He was young and careless and willing to take some risks. The doctor was to take $2,000, the girl $2,000 and he was to have the balance. Then he was to marry Matilda and with her leave the country. He passed the wood haulers on the ice and almost immediately after took off his skates, went ashore and struck off through the woods, which were bare of snow, and got a train at a station ten miles from home and went to Chicago. Then he went up to Wisconsin and found work in a saw mill. He corresponded with the doctor, taking an assumed name. When the company demanded the body the doctor wrote asking for his skats, watch and the clothes he wore on that fatal morning. He sent them, but saved the letter, which was now

"ONE DAY A YOUNG MAN REPRESENTING AN ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY VISITED THE SAWMILL."

produced in court, and in which the statement was made: "I have a good 'stiff' about your size which I can use."

One day a young man representing an accident insurance company visited the sawmill, and Burns, among others, took out a small policy, calling himself John Burns Brown. When the contest for the life insurance came on this accident company gave the defendants a hint which induced them to go into the Wisconsin woods and find the man. At first he denied the identity; then he admitted it, but said he never meant to convey the impression he was dead or to defraud any one; that he walked away boldly and in the sight of all men. But when told that Dr. Fills had married Matilda and that they evidently meant to gather in all the life insurance, John came clear down. He confessed the scheme. He showed the doctor's letters, in one of which were the words: "I put the body in last night. The ice is fast breaking up, and I was none too soon. They will drag the river Monday." Burns said in conclusion that he would not have cared if the girl hadn't married, but her weakness and the doctor's evident treachery led them to over-reach. The sequel was that the doctor spent two years in prison for his share in the fraud. Burns got off lighter, and the woman was not prosecuted.

But how about the man whom the boys saw skate into a sink-hole in the river? Well, that is like Phocian Howard's conundrum story. A district school teacher had been giving his pupils a lot of hard puzzles, and one day one of them came back with the following:

"My father had a mother have another son, older than I, who is no relation to me. Work that out." The pedagogue turned the problem over in his mind about a week. He could see no solution. At last he went to another lad and said:

"Now, I can't answer that conundrum the boy gave me, but I understand you can. On the quiet, now, how do you work it out?"

"Oh, the boy lied; that's all," said the acute pupil.

That was the case with the muskrat hunters. They simply lied.—[Chicago Herald.

GENEALOGY OF SLANG.

Words More Expressive Than the King's High-Toned English.

The antiquity of slang may be easily shown from old books. In Grose's Provincial Glossary, published in 1811, the paternity of many words current in slang is explained.

To bluff, meaning to deceive, was used in Northumberland, and meant to blindfold. Indeed, this word is quite respectable, being of the same high-toned family as blind man's bluff.

Call, as a noun, meaning occasion, right or obligation, as in the expression, "He had no call to do it," comes from Derbyshire, where it was highly esteemed and had the call above many other expressions.

Concern, meaning an estate or establishment, which is often hooted at by critics and American commercialism, is an old English provincial word used in the dear New England way.

Crank was a Kentish adjective and meant merry, and got turned so frequently that at last it became a noun in disgust and was seldom merry. The only bona fide merry species now extant is the base ball crank.

Cranky in the Dutch meant sickly, and was used in Northumberland to express a similar condition. Now and then base ball cranks feel that way.

In 1811 "to crock," meaning to black with soot, was in ill-repute, being sneezed at as an Essex vulgarism. It is quite a decent word nowadays in and around Boston, where stockings are warranted not to crock.

"Culch," a word pipe-smokers use to denote the residue in the bowl and stem, and which housekeepers apply to rubbish, is a native of Kent, England, where it was born many moons ago.

"Eager" was once slang, but meant sharp, and was applied to the air by Shakespeare.

"Gobbilbagger" has a kind of derisive sound to it, and once meant bugbear.

"Gob," meaning the mouth, is of Northumberland parentage.

Is it surprising that "grit" in Northumberland meant "sand?"

"To leather" comes from the same part of the world, where it meant "to beat."

"Lamme" is a fellow-citizen of "leather," and also meant to beat.

Probably they did a good deal of this sort of thing in Northumberland, and needed a good stock of chastise words.

In sweet old Suffolk, sure enough, "links" meant "sausages," and in Northumberland they called a handkerchief a napkin.

The relationship between noggin and drink will be seen when it is known that nog meant ale, and that's not so very far from egg-nog.

In some provincial places petticoat meant what Bostonians call a man's vest. Happy to relate, the confusion that might have arisen had that meaning been transplanted on these shores, has been averted.

"Shock" was once synonymous with sponge, and the man who sponged a dinner was said to have shocked it.

"To go snacks" first saw the light of day in Gloucestershire, and meant just what it means nowadays.

"To soil" once meant to cleanse.

"Wake," a noun, was applied to a feast at the dedication of a church.

"Yelly-hoo," used in Northumberland child, and meant crying.

And "whittle" used to mean a knife.

"Whopper" was also coined across the sea, and was equivalent to thumper, or anything large.

"Jag," a word used very much nowadays, originally meant a parcel or load, and still keeps very near to its original signification.

March April May

Are the best months in which to purify your blood, for at no other season does the system so much need the aid of a reliable medicine like Hood's Sarsaparilla, as now. During the long, cold winter, the blood becomes thin and impure, the body becomes weak and tired, the appetite may be lost. Hood's Sarsaparilla is peculiarly adapted to purify and enrich the blood, to create a good appetite and to overcome that tired feeling. It increases in popularity every year, for it is the ideal spring medicine.

"Early last spring I was very much run down, had nervous headache, felt miserable, and all that. I was very much benefited by Hood's Sarsaparilla and recommend it to my friends." MRS. J. M. TAYLOR, 1119 Euclid Avenue, Cleveland, O.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is prepared from Sarsaparilla, Dandelion, Mandrake, Dock, Juniper Berries, and other well known vegetable remedies, in such a peculiar manner as to derive the full medicinal value of each. It will cure, when in the power of medicine, scrofula, salt rheum, sores, boils, pimples, all humors, dyspepsia, biliousness, sick headache, indigestion, general debility, catarrh, rheumatism, kidney and liver complaints. It overcomes that extreme tired feeling caused by change of climate, season, or life, and imparts life and strength to the whole system.

"I take Hood's Sarsaparilla every year as a spring tonic, with most satisfactory results." C. PARMELEE, 349 Bridge st., Brooklyn, N. Y.

N. B. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

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100 Doses One Dollar

The Camp Fire.

[Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.]

SHILOH STUBBLE.

A Comrade Tells What He Knows About the First Day's Battle.

IN THE first day's battle at Shiloh my regiment, the 23d Ills., belonged to Hurlbut's old fighting 4th division, and was brigaded with the 3d Iowa and 28th and 41st Ills. Our regiment was on the left of the two brigades, led by Hurlbut to the support of Prentiss early in the morning. At 8 o'clock p. m. our regiment formed in line of battle 100 rods south of Hurlburt's headquarters and advanced to the edge of an open field, northeast of Prentiss's encampment. The field is known as the "peach-orchard" field, or Widow Bell's place.

Gen. Prentiss was bare-headed and accompanied by an orderly, and if any portion of his command were making any stand against the enemy at that hour, 8 a. m., he was totally ignorant of its whereabout. While we were forming in line of battle and for some time while advancing there was a stream of stampeding men from his (Prentiss') division passing to the rear through our ranks. A captain of Co. K, 18th Wis., vainly strove to hold some of these fugitives. He exonerated the men but denounced those who may have been responsible for placing the men at so great disadvantage. He called it "Dutchery," declaring that his regiment had only gone into camp the evening before, without any drill, many of the men not even knowing how to load their guns."

After Prentiss had left, our regiment was advanced into the open field some distance but developing a strong force of the enemy which seemed to be hastening toward our left we opened fire on them, but did not remain there very long as we were exposed to a heavy artillery fire, one of our batteries to our right, between us and the 3d Iowa being so disabled while trying to get into position that it had to be abandoned. While in the open field we were ordered to lie down. The rebel infantry seemed to pay no attention scarcely to us while our boys, especially on the right of the regiment, claimed to have piled them in heaps as they were hurriedly led across the southwest corner of the clearing. But after a while they learned to avoid that place by passing under cover of the woods south of the field. About this time, 10 o'clock, we were withdrawn to north side of the field, and the sound of battle seemed to indicate on the right that the enemy, though fighting fiercely, had been checked on a line of battle facing a little west of south.

While in line on the north side of this field the enemy were not in sight except on the right, because of a rise of ground extending eastward toward the plantation house, which stood nearly in the fork of the Hamburg & Purdy with the Hamburg & Savannah roads. The 28th Illinois held this rise of ridge near the house, while the 41st, on the same alignment, extended across Purdy road well down to a deep ravine running west from Lick creek and nearly parallel with the Purdy road, up to the East Corinth road. At no point along the whole line did the rebel legions meet with more stubborn resistance, not even at the "Hornets' nest," than was meted out to them by the Illinois troops near the junction of these roads. From 10 a. m. to 2 p. m. the fiercest conflits raged and not until after by detour of a heavy force down the south side of this ravine the rebels had possessed themselves of the road and ridge to Lick creek by driving Stewart's brigade from their encampment into a large ravine some distance away. We were appraised of reverse felt by those brave Illinoisans. About noon McArthur, with two or three regiments, among which was the 9th Illinois, was sent to support the 41st on flank and rear. The 9th was well nigh annihilated while bravely trying to check the enemy's assaults, just when the 41st was obliged to change front to meet the concentrating forces of the enemy in front flank and rear. At 1 o'clock the 32d was ordered to their relief also. We moved out by left flank and obliquing forward on double quick a distance of a quarter mile or more, into a ravine which runs up from the river to widow Bell's place.

Our position was a reasonably good one, being somewhat protected while loading. On the way to the ravine we lost several men from shots passing through the ranks of the 28th and 41st, and some of the supports retreating passed through our advancing lines and some were caught between us and the enemy in a branch of the ravine which ran up towards the forks of the road, almost in immediate rear of the first position of the 41st, which, together with the 28th, had, during our march to the ravine, fallen back and were but imperfectly filling the gap in the line made by our removal. For a while they thought we had deserted them, and I do not know by whose order we went to the support of the 41st in the ravine, nor why we were afterward left in our detached position when the rest of the brigade went to the rear, but did not immately. I doubt, however, if any division or brigade orders were circulating much after 2 o'clock along our end of the line. Every regiment acting for itself, did the best that could have done. This, however, I do know, that the 32d was the last of our brigade to leave the first and only general alignment of the Union forces on the left that day.

After repeatedly driving, checking and holding the enemy that pressed our comrades so murderously, and just as our ammunition was about gone, we were jumped from our stronghold at 2:30 o'clock, by the last reserved brigades of the enemy, said to have been led by Albert Sidney Johnston himself, and with whom he lost his life. Concurrent testimony of writers as to time, topography and circumstance seem to point conclusively to the fact that the moving spirit which led the rebel hosts on that bloody Sunday received his fatal wounding from the ranks of the 32d Ills. Being wounded and left on the field just as the regiment went to pieces, and scampered to escape annihilation or capture, I can follow no further the fortunes of my regimental comrades that day, that night nor till joining them again in August at Memphis.—ALEX. VAN WINKLE, ex-Sergt. Maj. 32d Ills., Waverly, Ills.

HOW IT FEELS

To be Shot—One Soldier's Sensations During Such an Experience.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—I belonged to a New Jersey regiment, and during the Atlanta campaign we formed a portion of the 20th corps. Every soldier who was in Sherman's army knows something about the hardships that were endured and the battles that were fought between those ever-to-be-remembered cities—Chattanooga and Atlanta.

While Sherman was assaulting the strongly fortified position of Kenesaw Mountain in front, the 20th, 23d and a part of the 4th corps, were ordered to march around and strike the enemy on their left flank. By making a wide detour we came in the rear of the Johnnies south of Marietta, and of course threatening their communication with Atlanta. As a result of that movement, we must either be forced out of our position, or they must evacuate Kenesaw. While they were making an effort to drive us back I was shot and sent to the rear. The engagement is known in history as the battle of Kolp's Farm, and was certainly a most sharply contested fight. We had piled up some rails in our front, and when the Johnnies charged out of the woods and across in an open field, coming straight at me with Rebel fury, and accompanied with the Rebel yell, we were prepared to give them a warm reception. We held our fire until they were close enough for us to see their eyes, when we poured in a most withering volley that at once checked their advance. In attempting to load my gun after the first discharge the cartridge, in some way, broke in the barrel, and after several unsuccessful efforts to ram it home, I jumped to my feet and was at once exposed to the enemy's fire. I have no recollection of being in the least afraid, or thinking of danger, my one object was to load my gun as quickly as possible. As I rose to my feet I grasped the ramrod with my right hand and had succeeded in pushing the obstinate cartridge two-thirds of the way down, when my hand suddenly relinquished its hold, my arm doubled up at the elbow, and my fingers were spasmodically drawn together in my hand. I thought I had struck my "crazy bone" against some comrade's gun and I turned to see who it was. I felt no pain; only a burning, stinging sensation through the whole arm and hand. I did not know I was shot until my attention was called by a companion to the blood which was freely running out of my sleeve. Then I realized that the stinging sensation had been caused not by striking my elbow against anything, but by a bullet. The ball passed through my arm between elbow and wrist, glanced and entered the arm again between the elbow and shoulder, coming out at the armpit and then cutting a gash in my back under the shoulder, in all making five openings and cutting the radical nerve. It has left me a crippled right arm to this day.—G. RINDELL, 2d Brigade, 1st Div., 20th A. C., Creston, Ill.

BATTLE OF CEDAR CREEK.

How Gallant Phil Sheridan Led the Union Troops to Victory.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—On the morning of November 19, 1864, while we were stationed in the Shenandoah valley, near Cedar creek, our pickets came rushing in, stating that the Johnnies were near our fortifications. We hurried to the front, when we discovered that the rebels were jumping inside our breastworks. Some of them came near me, but it was so dark they did not discern my blue uniform. They ran to our tents shouting, "Here's plenty of blankets and overcoats!" Running to my tent, I cried out, "Here's a knapsack!" and hurrying to my horse, sprang into the saddle; but the rebs espied me and shouted, "It's a Yankee on the horse!" They opened fire on me, but happily I was going down grade and they overshot me. I soon overtook a number of our boys. The rebs opened fire on us, wounding many and taking some prisoners. I went on unharmed until I met a large force of the 6th corps marching to meet the foe. I told them they would find the Johnnies on the "Heights." The battle lasted two hours. The 8th corps fell back below Strausburg, where, with the 6th and 8th corps, they made a permanent stand, holding the position until 10 o'clock a. m. And how delighted we were to see Gen. Phil Sheridan come riding along our lines, shouting, "Follow me, boys; we will put Early across Cedar creek before 3 o'clock!" He rode on to the front, cheering the men, and giving command to the entire forces. The Johnnies became panic-stricken, retreated beyond Cedar creek, and then attempted to retreat through Fisher's Gap, but our cavalry flanked them on the right, captured many prisoners and fifty-two pieces of artillery and brought them into our headquarters with shouts of rejoicing over the victory won by gallant Phil, who never said to his men, "go," but always said "Come, follow me!"

PHILIP NORMAN, Co. B, 11th W. Va. V. I., Boggs, W. Va.

A DRUMMER BOY,

But Braver Than the Giants Who Rushed to the Rear.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—I was mustered into the three years' service, as a drummer boy, in Co. F, 32d Ills. Don't say "oh! oh!" boys, for I remained on the field of battle, doing what I could, when thousands of big strapping men were falling over me in frantic efforts to get out of harm's way. Being a good drummer (having been taught by a drum-major of the Mexican war) there was a big demand for my service. Myself and the fife-major played the "Dead March" for so many funerals every week for our own and other regiments, while in Camp Butler, that I began to think we would all die before we had a chance to see a secesh. One night the fife-major and I were called upon to play the "Rogue's March," at the "druming out" of a cavalryman who had been courtmartialed. Arrived at the road, the guards spread out to let the culprit pass through, but he turned about and rushed at us, cutting a guard's jacket, and making a dash at me; but I dodged. He escaped, and after that we only "drummed out" in the day time. Boys, do you remember the Sunday morning in October, 1861, when all the troops at Camp Butler marched to a grove to listen to the venerable Rev. Peter Cartwright preach? Like as not our courage that we felt like knocking the confederates silly, like the pastor often did the sinners.—F. M. JOHNSON, Principal Musician, 32d Ills. V. I., Alton, Ills.

SONS OF VETERANS.

Willis L. Hershey, Heath, Ind.: "My father enlisted in the 16th Ind. L. A., on guard at Washington, and was in Ford's Theater when Lincoln was shot; saw Booth leap to the stage, and saw the stricken President borne away."

Fred P. Fowler, O., eight-year-old boy, writes: "My uncle, Curt Frost, was in the war during the whole service, in Co. A, 3d O. Cav. He was taken prisoner and kept at Belle Island five months, where they nearly starved him to death. A squad that was to be exchanged stole a bucket of meat, so the squad uncle belonged to went in their stead. Before he was captured he weighed over 180 pounds; when he got out he weighed 90 pounds. My grandpa was in Co. D, 101st O."

CHIPS.

"WAS DELUGED."—"Carleton" desires to call a halt to the deluge of inquiries that have been coming in on him since he sent a few lines in answer to comrade Dan Kn

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1.—Do not send more than three queries at one time. All questions, to receive attention, must be on separate sheets from business letters or articles for other departments, written on one side of the paper only, and the true name and address must be given. If requested, the name and address will not be published.

2.—Do not ask us where you can *sell* anything, or where you can *buy* anything. Such requests are advertisements, and must be paid for.

3.—No addresses will be given, either of business firms or of persons, in reply to requests. To do so would be to give them free advertising.

4.—Do not ask whether any business, company or individual is reliable. We will not reply.

5.—This department is intended to answer only such queries as are of *general* interest to the masses of the READING readers; hence we will not waste space in answering questions that are not.

6.—We can not give space to mathematical problems, puzzles, etc., for we will decide bets.

7.—No replies by mail, under *any* circumstances.

The Australian System of Voting.

"North Kingsley." To the Australian system of voting, the tickets are printed by the state, and each contains the names of all candidates of all parties, for all offices to be filled. No ballot is legal except these. We have before us one of the tickets used in last fall's Montana state election. It is 30 inches long and 5 inches wide. We reproduce the heading and a portion of the ballot, to show its arrangement:

OFFICIAL BALLOT.

PARK COUNTY, MONTANA.

For the election October 1st, A. D. 1889.

FOR GOVERNOR.	Vote for 1	
Power, Thos. C.,	Republican.	X
Toole, Joseph K.,	Democrat.	
FOR MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.	Vote for 2	
Eaton, Charles H.,	Republican.	X
Hatch, Ozias M.,	Democrat.	
Myers, Benjamin F.,	Democrat.	
Stebbins, Charles H.,	Republican.	X
FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.	Vote for 3	
Bullard, Wm. H.,	Democrat.	
Connell, James,	Democrat.	
Hoppe, Hugo F.,	Republican.	X
Lampert, George F.,	Republican.	X
Wayne, Alva,	Democrat.	
Wright, Wm. M.,	Republican.	X
FOR SHERIFF.	Vote for 1	
McCarthy, George W.,	Democrat.	
Templeton, Oliver P.,	Republican.	X

We have not taken the offices in regular order, but merely selected a few to illustrate the method of arranging the ticket. The names of the candidates for an office are arranged as they come in the alphabet—see the county commissioners above. The politics of each candidate is given. There is one, two or three blank lines at the bottom, following each list of candidates, for the insertion of the name of any other person for whom the voter may see fit to cast his ballot; thus, as there was but one governor to elect, there is but one blank line under that list; there were two Representatives to elect, hence there is one blank under that list; there were three county commissioners to elect, hence there are three blank lines after that list.

The voter enters the room in which the polls are held, and receives from the proper officer, one of these blank tickets. At one side of the room there are several little compartments partitioned off, each with a temporary desk, and pencil. The voter puts an X in the blank space to the right, or left, of the name of each person for each office for whom he wishes to vote. The above ticket is marked as it would be voted by the Republican. You will see the X in the proper blank after the name of each Republican candidate.

No one is allowed to speak to the voter from the time he takes his ticket until he votes it. As soon as he marks it he folds it up, and presents himself at the ballot-box; his name is taken, the ticket is deposited in the box, and the voter leaves the room. There are provisions of the law for the voting of blind, illiterate and others, who can not read their own ballots. There is a board of each political party present; and if the voter declares he can not mark his ticket himself, the officer of his own political faith is allowed to go with him into the compartment and mark his ticket as the voter directs. The plan has worked well wherever tried. It prevents the buying of votes, because no one can possibly tell how any voter voted; and no one will pay a man for his vote if he can not tell what ticket he voted that way. It also prevents any compulsion being exercised over a voter by his employer or others, as to how he shall vote.

Levi P. Morton a "Shorcham."

R. S. D., Eagle, Mich.,

E. S., and seven others, ask: "What is the exact truth of the charge that Vice President Morton is interested in the saloon business?" The charge is false, but that does not prevent certain papers from constantly reasserting the falsehood. We have twice given the facts, and how with give them again, and for the last time, for the matter is not worth any further repetition.

Vice President Morton last year built a new family hotel in Washington City, called the "shorcham." The "shorcham" is what is called an "apartment house;" suites of furnished rooms are rented, and all meals are served on a cafe plan. The rooms are taken by persons who want first class accommodations and are able to pay for them. It is said the suites, containing two to six rooms, rent at from $2,000 to $6,000 a year each. The house is leased to a manager. Mr. Morton does not run it himself. He is simply the owner of the property. The manager took out a license to sell liquors. There is no bar-room. The bill of fare has printed on the back of it "no alcohol" as well as every other first-class city hotel. Guests can order what they please, and it is served at table with their meals. The "shorcham" is not a hotel for the accommodation of transient guests. It is for permanent boarders and their families. There is no bar-room in the house, where persons can come in off the street and obtain drinks.

The following authoritative statement is made by Mr. Sevillon A. Brown, of the firm of Beall, Brown & Co., real estate agents, Washington city, who are the agents of the Shorcham:

"In the first place, the agency for leasing the apartments and general management of the Shorcham was placed in the hands of our firm long before the building was completed. Since we assumed the management all leases and business arrangements connected with the property has been made by our firm. In the second place, there is no truth whatever in the many statements that have been made that there is a bar, saloon, or buffet in the building, or that Mr. Morton signed an application for a license to sell liquors in the Shorcham. In fact, in our agreement with Mr. Keenan, the manager, it was expressly stipulated that no part of the building should be used as a bar, saloon, or buffet for the sale of wines, malt or spirituous liquors. However, Mr. Keenan found it imperative, in order to supply a family at dinner, luncheon or other meals with a bottle of beer or wine, to take out a hotel license in accordance with the laws of the district. This application was made in Mr. Morton's absence, and without his knowledge.

"I wish to say now that Mr. Morton's interest in the Shorcham, beyond his ownership, is confined to the revenue derived from leasing the apartments. It is just the same as though he owned a row of furnished houses on Connecticut avenue. His would simply require him in good order, pay the taxes, and receive his rent. This is all he does with the Shorcham. He has nothing whatever to do with the success or failure of the dining rooms and cafe, only in so much as they might contribute to the enhancement or deterioration of his property. Whatever profits are made or losses incurred, Mr. Keenan, the manager, will be alone benefitted or injured."

"M. E. Church" and "M. E. Church South."

J. W. N., Kincaid, W. Va., asks: "When did the Methodist church split and become two distinct churches, and for what reason? Here in West Virginia they are known by the names of 'Methodist Church South' and 'M. E. Church North.'"

The Methodist Episcopal church in America, on its organization in 1784, declared slavery to be contrary to the law of God and every principle of the Revolution. It was also determined that persons who should buy, sell or give away slaves should be expelled. In 1804 the discipline provided that any minister who owned slaves should forfeit his ministerial character unless he freed them. In 1808 it was declared that no slaveholder should be eligible to the office of elder, where the laws would admit of emancipation. The policy of the church was consistently against slavery, but allowing members, living in states which did not allow slaves to be freed, to hold slaves. Rev. Francis A. Harding, of the Baltimore conference, was suspended from the ministry for failing to free slaves which he obtained by marriage. He appealed to the general conference of 1844, which sustained the action of the conference, and confirmed his suspension. The name of James O. Andrew, a bishop of the church, who had come into possession of slaves after his election, was also discussed, and it was resolved, by a vote of 111 to 69, that he should desist from the exercise of his office so long as he held slaves.

This action led to a heated discussion, and the delegates from 13 conferences declared that this decision rendered a continuance of the jurisdiction of the general conference over them "inconsistent with the success of the ministry in the slaveholding states." A plan was finally adopted for allowing the Southern conferences to separate from the church, if they so desired. A convention of the slaveholding conferences was held at Louisville, May 1, 1845, which established a separate church under the name of the "Methodist Episcopal church, South." There is no "Methodist Episcopal church, North." The name of the mother church has always been the "Methodist Episcopal Church," and the new slaveholding church added the word "South" to distinguish it from the other.

The Wheel Problem Again.

S. D. C., Toledo, O., hands us the following, which we take out of its turn to get the wheel discussion closed:

I do not propose to take any part in the discussion of the wheel problem, but I could wish that W. H. B. had given a more simple definition of the bone that could be tried with less machinery. Let me suggest this: Take a small cylinder—a spool of Clark's thread, No. 16, for instance—for that, being 1¼ inch in diameter, presents a circumference of 3¾ inches, and anybody can get it. Now, draw a line exactly across the center, marking its ends on the periphery; then take a smooth board, and draw a line across it with the square, and, to make sure of an exact perpendicular, draw another line, distant from the first—which now becomes the second—half the diameter of the cylinder; nail a block 1¼ inch square, of any length; now place the spool so that the line across it shall be perpendicular with the line No. 2 on the board; take your foot rule and lay it on the block, so that its end shall touch the mark on the spool's periphery, and, gently pressing on the spool, move it forward one revolution, stopping when the line across it presents an exact perpendicular. It will be seen from this experiment that the spool has traveled on the board a distance exactly equal to its circumference, and that it has traveled on the outer side of the rule the same distance—no more, no less—while the rule has advanced twice the distance. It would seem, from the result of this experiment, that the upper periphery moves faster than the lower one, but, in fact, it does not, as a measurement from the starting point to the stop, from above and below, will demonstrate.

But, while the upper periphery moves forward, and the vehicle in the same direction, the lower one moves in the opposite direction—backwards, and accomplishes only half the distance on its base, the board, as the upper does on its—the rule; and, as the ground on which the vehicle moves is, as you see, the center, or pivot of its motion, a slight advance there must, of necessity, produce a greater advance at the circumference, and in the same length of time.

My experiment is so simple that anybody can try it, and I am willing to wager a hat that nobody can deny it, I think. But, deride not the man, who may think with Mr. Dertler, that "by golly, dat is five, and I know it was chust four." That story of old Dentler never ceases to amuse me.

The Code of Lycurgus.

I. G., Clifty, Ark.: 1.—In the line from Gray's Elegy, "Their homely joys and destiny obscure," the word "obscure" is an adjective, referring to "destiny."

2.—The seven wise men of ancient Greece were Thales, Solon, Chilon, Pittacus, Bias, Cleobulus and Periander.

3.—The code which Lycurgus drew up for the Spartans recognized three classes: 1, the Spartans, residents of the city of Sparta, who alone were eligible for office; 2, the Perieci, freemen of the rest of the country, devoting themselves to agriculture; 3, the helots, or slaves bound to the soil, which they tilled for the proprietors. The land was divided into equal lots, 9,000 for the Spartans, and 30,000 for the Perieci. At the head of the state were two hereditary kings, but with limited power. There were two legislative bodies, the elders and the citizens: the former was composed of the two kings and 28 members, 60 years old or over, who were judges in all cases of capital crimes, and who discussed all matters submitted to the other assembly. The latter was composed of all Spartans of 30 years or over of unblemished character; met monthly, and could approve or reject measures submitted by the elders, but not amend them.

Each individual was held to belong to the state, to which he should devote all his time, property and energies. If weak or deformed, children were left to perish; all over seven years, at 7 years were taken from their mothers, and educated in public classes, where they were subjected to the severest bodily exercises, to habits of obedience, dexterity, and brevity of speech, which became classically established as "laconic" from Laconia, a name of Sparta. At the age of 30 a man could marry, and engage in public affairs. Both sexes were subjected to nearly the same vigorous training, the object being, not promotion of enjoyment or refinement, but solely the production of a hardy race of citizens.

Prices of American Grain in England.

J. D., Tipton, Iowa, asks: "What are the present market prices for American wheat and corn in the English markets, per bushel, in dollars and cents?"

We have before us a copy of the English *Corn Trade News*, of Feb. 21. Grain is sold in London by the "quarter," of 480 pounds, equal to 8 bushels of 60 lbs. each. Below are the prices of that date in London for wheat and corn:

Wheat.	Per Quarter.	Per bu.
English white	31s@35s	93c@$1.05
English red	29s. 6d@32s	89c@97c
Red London	31s@32s	93c@$1.11
Red Scotch or Irish	28s. 6d@32s	86c@97c
New Zealand	31s@33s	$1.04@$1.11
No. 2 hard Duluth	32s. 6d@33s	$1.08@$1.15
No. 1 hard Duluth	33s. 6d@34s	$1.16@$1.20
No. 1 club Calcutta	33s. 6d@34s	$1.16@$1.20½
Hard Colorado	29s. 6d@30s	88c@90c
Maize (Indian corn).		
American mixed, old	24s. 6d@25s. 3d.	81c@87½c
new	23s. 6d@24s. 6d.	78c@85c
Odessa	26s@26s. 3d.	87c@90c
Bombay	19s@19s. 3d.	57c@57½c

The first two quotations are for wheat grown in England; the next two—Red Danzig and South Russian—are Russian; the next two—No. 2 hard Duluth and No. 1 hard Duluth—are from the United States; No. 1 club Calcutta is a short-berry white wheat from India; hard Colorado is a red wheat from India.

On the same date, 1 cargo No. 1 hard Duluth was sold at Duluth for 76½ cents, and No. 2 red winter sold at Chicago at 75⅛ cents. You can thus see the cost of transportation and handling in the difference between the English and American prices for these grades of wheat.

Of the corn quotations, the first is for corn of the crop of 1888; the second, crop of 1889. The Odessa corn is grown in southern Russia; the Bombay corn is grown in the "hill country" of India.

Prof. Louis Agassiz—"Academic Ruts."

W. F. R., Pender, Neb.: 1.—Louis John Rudolph Agassiz, the famed naturalist, was born in Switzerland in 1807. His attention being drawn to ichthyology, he began a systematic arrangement of the fresh water fishes of Central Europe, and also devoted much study to fossil fishes. He was made professor of natural history at Neufchatel. On his several visits to England he made himself well acquainted with the fossils of that country, and in 1844, published a study of the fossil fishes of the Old Red Sandstone. He then turned his attention to the mollusca. His volume on "Glaciers" attracted great attention. In 1846 he came to the United States, where he was appointed to a professorship in Harvard College. In his book, "Outlines of Comparative Physiology," he maintained the doctrine of successive creations of higher and higher organized beings on the earth. He died in 1873.

2.—When Allen Thorndike Rice gave his invitation to eminent persons to contribute articles to the *North American Review* to "keep it out of academic ruts," he meant that the *Review* should be devoted to such questions as were under discussion among the people, and not to themes of interest to students and literary people alone.

Our Manufactures Sold in England.

J. F. S., Carthage, Mo., asks: "Are there any goods manufactured in the United States and exported to England? If so, what kind? and how much of each?"

Below we give a table of the value of articles manufactured in the United States and exported to the United States, for the year ending December 31, 1889.

Agricultural implements	$ 498,937
Books, etc	883,736
Cars, (railway and horse) carriages, etc	380,314
Cotton fabrics, all kinds	722,614
Other manufactures of cotton	380,164
Sewing machines	966,295
Steam engines and machinery	1,684,318
Leather—sole	5,004,141
Leather—other varieties	3,787,356
Naval stores	954,580
Oil cake and oil meal	5,542,260
Refined coal oil	8,038,714
Petroleum	1,875,495
Refined sugar	4,009
Manufactured tobacco	756,862

The "Charge of the Six Hundred."

——, Richfield, Kan.: 1.—We have not a list of the Kings of France and Spain. 2.—It would be a work of much difficulty to find where all the Presidents are buried. 3.—The "charge of the six hundred," immortalized in Tennyson's poem, "The Charge of the Light Brigade," was an incident in the Crimean war. The Earl of Cardigan, upon an order alleged to have been given by Lord Lucan for the capture of certain Russian cannon, led the light brigade, composed of about 600 English horsemen, against the Russian forces, his men cutting their way through and back again under the fire of the Russian batteries. Only about 150 came out alive. This exploit took place October 25, 1854.

A. F. S., Deep River, Iowa: 1.—President Grant probably signed the greatest number of private pension bills, if that is what you mean. 2.—We have no means of finding out what Senator Allison is worth aside from writing to him and asking an impertinent question.

The "Magnetic Stone."

C. A. W., Canal, Ind., writes: "Can you inform me where I can find a magnetic stone for hunting gold and silver that is buried?"

No, we cannot. There is no such thing. If you will read an elementary treatise on magnetism you will find that there is nothing which possesses such mysterious powers. The belief in such things is only an ignorant superstition.

Paper Manufacture.

M. J. L., Westphalia, Kan.: Graphite is found at a number of points in the United States—in New York, Massachusetts, Vermont and Pennsylvania.

2.—The art of paper making has been known to the Chinese since about the Christian era. The Arabs learned it of them in the seventh century, and transplanted it to Spain, whence it spread to other European countries. It is made from cotton and linen rags, wood, and various other fibrous materials. The materials are cut up into fine fibres, bleached, then reduced to a still finer state of division by proper machinery, with water, so that the vat looks as if it were full of milk; this pulp is kept constantly agitated by machinery. It pours out of the vat in a wide, shallow stream, on to an endless web of wire cloth, kept moving by machinery; the water drains through, leaving the pulp on the wire cloth; it runs thence through rollers, which press the water out; thence between several sets of heavy rolls heated by steam, which dry it, and the paper is wound at the end of the machine, in a huge roll, hundreds of yards in length.

The Brazilian Republic.

C. A. B., Wauseon, O., asks: 1.—What is the form of the temporary government of Brazil, and what has been done toward the formation of a permanent one? 2.—Has any book on the revolution and succeeding events been issued?

It is difficult to get details, as the press of Brazil is under strict consorship, and the information that reaches the outside world is somewhat hazy. The Emperor was deposed, and Brazil was declared a republic; but this was done apparently by the ministry of Dom Pedro, with the aid of the army, its officers being in sympathy with the revolution. The Prime minister was made the head of the republic, and no radical change seems to have been made in the government machinery. It is the same as if the English cabinet, backed by Parliament and the army, would declare that country a republic, and make Gladstone prime minister President, leaving everything else as it is. A constitutional convention has been called, to meet nearly a year hence, to adopt a permanent constitution and form of government. 2.—No book has been published on the revolution.

Surveying in Colonial Times—Autographs.

O. P. B., Amboy, Minn.: Surveying was practiced with chain and compass in colonial times, the same as now. The old lines into sections and quarter sections was not then practiced. A man sold or bought land "by metes and bounds"—starting at a stone or landmark, thence so many chains and links in a given direction, thence so many chains and links in another, and so on until the place of beginning was reached. The amount of land was obtained by calculation.

2.—Autograph collectors are nuisances to most noted people, for their importunities are a serious tax upon their time and patience. The only way to collect autographs is to write a letter, just as short as it can be made, asking for an autograph, and including a stamped envelope, addressed to yourself.

The "Great Mogul."

E. R., ——: The word "Moguls" is a corruption of Mongols, and is used to designate the Tartars who repeatedly invaded India in the Middle Ages. In 1526 they conquered Delhi, and placed Baber, a descendant of Tamerlane, on the throne. The Mogul empire embraced nearly all of Hindostan now called Hindostan, and the emperor was called in Europe the "Great Mogul." His authority gradually declined; English supremacy was established over the Mogul empire, and the "Great Mogul" became a titled pensioner of England. The last of the dynasty, Mohammed Bahadow, was implicated in the Sepoy muthiy of 1858, and was deprived of his title and transported. One of the celebrated large diamonds of the world is called the "Great Mogul."

Railway Management.

Allen, Rothville, Mo., writes: "What are the respective duties of the general manager, and the general superintendent of a railroad?"

The duties of the general manager are indicated by his title. He is the head of management and operation, the heads of all departments reporting to him. The duties of the general superintendent vary on different roads. Sometimes he is second to the general manager, and, as a usual thing, is in charge of the transportation department—everything relating to the movement and operation of trains. In this case the traffic department (freight and passenger business) and the engineering, or maintenance of track department, are under other heads, each reporting to the general manager. Some roads have also a general superintendent, while others have no general superintendent, consequently there is no invariable rule regulating the respective duties of different officials.

The Argentine Republic.

W. L. R., Cal.: 1.—We do not know any person in the Argentine Republic to whom you could write for information. It is not the duty of an United States minister or consul to answer such letters. 2.—For information about that country's land laws, apply to the Argentine legation at Washington might answer, or might not. Address "Senor Don Ernesto Bosch, Secretary of Legation, 1822 Jefferson Place, Washington, D. C." We suppose, if you have special emigration there, if that is what you propose. The county is deeply in debt, has a much-depreciated paper currency, and the financial affairs of the people are in a very bad way.

Advice to a Young Lady.

——, Mich., writes: "A young man asks a lady for her hand in marriage; they agree to marry at some time in the future; but if before that time she thinks differently, that one will so inform the other. He goes away, writes friendly letters, but never mentions the subject of marriage, and never gets an engagement ring. After he has been gone about a year, the lady meets another whom she learns to love better; he asks her to marry him, which she would willingly do if it were not for the other matter. Can you tell me what is right for her to do?"

She should write to the young man, state the case honestly and frankly, and ask to be released from the engagement.

The Mammoth Cave.

O. B. H., Hecla, S. D.: The Mammoth Cave, the largest known cavern in the world, is in Edmonson county, Kentucky, on the left bank of Green river, 130 miles south-southwest of Lexington, Ky., on the road to Nashville. It has been explored a distance of ten miles. In this navigable river is an underground river, which has to be crossed by a boat; three species of eyeless fish are found in its waters, and a blind crayfish. The temperature is uniformly 59 degrees, at all seasons. It is impossible to even give a list of the underground objects of interest in this remarkable cavern.

Surrender of Detroit.

H. E. L., Chesterfield, Mich.: Gen. Hull was the governor of Michigan Territory at the time of the breaking out of the war of 1812. He was ordered to invade Canada from Detroit, which he did with 1,800 men. This force was inadequate, and he fell back to the fort at Detroit. His force was reduced in various ways to 800 men, and when the British, under Gen. Brock, demanded his surrender, he yielded without striking a blow, surrendering his army, Detroit and all Michigan. 2.—We have not a biographical sketch of the person you mention.

Grain "Futures."

W. C. H., Garrett's Bend, W. Va.: 1.—In market reports "cash" wheat (or other grain) means wheat bought and delivered immediately; "March" wheat means that the wheat is sold on the date given, but is to be delivered as paid for at any time in March that the buyer chooses; "May wheat," that is sold, but is not to be delivered and paid for until May; and so on. The prices of grain sold for future delivery are all embraced under the term "futures." 2.—For information about national educational reports write to the "Commissioner of Education, Washington, D. C."

Ownership of Published Articles.

A. E. L., Kan., writes: "A person of my acquaintance has some poems which have been printed in a county paper of not very extensive circulation, the author receiving no pay. He now wishes to know if he has the right to dispose of those poems, or are they no longer his property?"

The ownership vests in the author, if the publisher did not buy the poems; but he should not dispose of them to another periodical without stating the facts as to their previous publication.

Alloy and Weight of Silver Coin.

——: All United States silver coins are 900 parts by weight of pure silver to 100 parts alloy—which, in their case, is pure copper. The trade dollar weighed 420 grains, and was coined under the idea that it would replace the Mexican dollar in the Chinese and East India trade, and afford a wide market for the product of our silver mines. The coin would not, however, pass among the people of those countries and its coinage was stopped.

The "Bridge of Sighs."

M. L., Halstead, Kan.: 1.—The "Bridge of Sighs" is a bridge at Venice connecting the palace of the Doge with the prison. It was so called because prisoners, once having crossed it from the judgment hall, were never seen again, being executed in the prison. It is over one of the canals of that city. 2.—Your ideas of the "poisoned ring" and "secret cell" were probably gotten from some blood-and-thunder romance.

Minnesota's Northern Boundary.

H. A. M., Winterset, Iowa, asks: "Why does the northern boundary of Minnesota extend north of the 49th parallel into the Lake of the Woods?"

We do not know. Will some reader acquainted with the facts send them for publication?

Who Shot Gen. Ben McCulloch?

"Daphne," Palatine, W. Va., writes, in answer to P. D. W.: "Gen. Ben McCulloch was shot by Bill Hitchcock, I think."

Miscellaneous.

C. H. C., Tulock, Cal.: We have not a copy of it.

J. McK., Winthrop, Mo.: We never saw the song you inquire for.

E. C. H., Hamburgh, N. C.: We cannot undertake to discuss the subject.

Subscriber, Carrollton, Ill.: The saying, "Every tub stands on its own bottom," is not in the Bible.

S. F., Creston, Iowa: We can *never* give an answer under 2 or 3 weeks. Hence it would be too late for you.

E. E. W., Cynthiana, Ky.: Any bookseller can order books on veterinary surgery for you. See Rule 2 above.

B. F. B., Limestone, Tenn.: 3.—There is no tariff on eggs. See "Duties on Farm Products," in January 7.

M. B. L., La Carne, O.: We have not statistics as to the numerical strength of the Patrons of Husbandry at the present time.

L. F., Humboldt, Kan.: The only way to find the person you speak of is to advertise in the Cincinnati papers for him, as you say he came from near there.

S. B. W., Newberry, Ind.: Your question reached us too late. We take them in turn, and the answer would not now reach you by the time it was requested.

O. M., Barnes, O.: We never heard of an English syndicate sending a messenger to most Southern and Western cities to publish his book, and think the story ridiculous.

G. L. D., Toledo, Ohio: We do not think there ever was a real person called the "Drummer Boy of Shiloh." That was the name of a play which was popular a few years ago.

——: There is no authentic account of Christ's life from the time of his birth until his entry on his public ministry, except what is given in Matthew ii, 13-15, 19-23; Luke ii, 39-52.

M. L. C., Staunton, O.: John D. Rockafeller is president of the Standard Oil company, and made his wealth in the oil business. He has a home in Cleveland, but now lives in New York city.

T. W. H., Carmi, Ill.: "Nick of the Woods" is a novel, by J. Fenimore Cooper, which has also been dramatized under the name of "The Jibbenainosay." Any bookseller can order the book for you.

M. M. J., San Antonio, Tex.: 1.—The "cocked hat" originated in Europe. It was part of the uniform of the Continental army during the Revolution. 2.—John G. Whittier's parents were Quakers.

Dull, Clymer, N. Y.: The "discrepancy in dates," whereby the Christian era begins four years after Christ's birth, is discussed under the head, "The Date of Christ's Birth," in the Bureau of Feb. 13.

P. B. S., Los Angeles University, Cal.: Methods of assaying gold and silver ores were given in the Bureau of January 16. Books on assaying can be ordered, we presume, by any bookseller. Read Rule 2.

R. F. J., Weston, Ore.: 1.—THE BLADE prefers not to give space to the lives of criminals. 2.—The Sullivan you speak of was the Sullivan who was sent to the Illinois penitentiary for complicity in the Cronin murder.

W. P., Aumsville, Ore.: If we are not mistaken, Josephus, the Jewish historian, gives an account of a person running through the streets of Jerusalem, warning the people of the approaching destruction of the city.

J. H. W., Hitchcock, S. D.: 1.—The Great Dipper does not actually revolve about the North star. Its revolution is only apparent. 2.—No book is published giving the tariffs of all nations and the wages of the working classes.

Reader, Lagro, Ind.: There have been several reductions of the tariff since 1861, when the present law was passed, and a large number of articles also placed on the free list. 2.—We have not a list of governors' salaries for the states.

——, Iron Co., Mo.: 1.—We cannot undertake to elucidate arithmetical problems; there is a key to Ray's arithmetic published, which contains the solution you want. 2.—You cannot obtain a commercial education by mail instruction.

J. B., Reece, Kan.: To find out where government land is in Kansas, address the "Register of the United States Land Office," at Garden City, Larned, Oberlin, Salina, Topeka or Wa-Keeney, Kansas. Your other questions were handed to the Household, where they belong.

J. N. O., Portland, Ore.: 1.—Gen. Robert E. Lee, the Confederate, was not a relative of or descendent of Gen. Charles Lee, of the Revolutionary army. 2.—The sketch called "Washington's Vision" is a bit of fiction. 3.—Write to Hon. R. M. Hall, Land Commissioner, Austin, Texas.

R. W., Rumble, Ind.: 1.—Sucre is the capital of Bolivia. Now mark it in your geography. 2.—Venice was first a fishing village, built on islands near the fishing grounds, and grew gradually to be a great city. 3.—Herman Ilfeldt mentioned was a Philadelphia lawyer, and accomplice of Aaron Burr, born in 1767, died in 1831.

J. I., Drummond, Wis.: 1.—Rev. Chas. H. Spurgeon, the English preacher, is a Baptist. 2.—The Church of England is the state established church of that country, supported by the state. Of course churches were established in America by the English settlers. After the Revolution these churches formed the organization known as the Protestant Episcopal Church.

A. C. M., Peotone, Ill.: 1.—The revolvers with which Lincoln and Garfield were shot, and the rope with which Guiteau was hanged, are, we believe, in the Army medical museum at Washington. 2.—Mrs. James G. Blaine, jr., has been living in Washington for several months in New York city. Her husband has a committee clerkship at Washington at present.

L. P. F., Toledo, O.: Your questions are put in such a vague way that we hardly can tell what you desire to know. 1.—The veil is worn for cellular fitness. 2.—The chief's function is to keep the blood in circulation; it acts as a pump for this purpose. 3.—Food is valuable in proportion to the amount of material it contains which can be used in building up the tissues of the body.

W. W. W., Rumble, Ind.: 1.—Notre Dame de Paris is a noted Catholic church in that city. The name means "Our Lady of Paris," referring to the Virgin Mary. 2.—The tides extend over the entire ocean. Read up the subject in a school physical geography. 3.—A foreign-born person can not become President or Vice President of the United States. See Article II, Section 1, Clause 5, of the Constitution of the United States.

—"A stitch in time saves nine," and if you take Food's Sarsaparilla now it may save months of future possible sickness.

NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN.

They Knew It All Two Centuries Ago, and Here's Proof of It.

A curious little book has just been dug out from the dust of two centuries, and has been partially republished by the German newspapers for the purpose of proving that there is nothing new under the sun. The little book is entitled "Foolish Wisdom and Wise Foolishness," and was written by an old-fashioned German political economist named Becher. At the time of its publication the book was regarded as something of a Munchausen narrative of the author's travels through Europe. During his wanderings Becher became acquainted with many learned men on the continent, and learned a vast deal concerning the scientific work of his day. The first genius he met was Franz Grundler, a Nurnburg optician. He says of him: "Grundler is a most remarkable man. He has an idea that he can cork up in a bottle, by means of a spiral, the ordinary spoken words of a man's voice, carry them around with him thus for an hour or more, and then open the bottle and let them out. How Grundler has got with the execution of his idea since I saw him, I do not know. The whole conception seems quite impossible of execution and silly."

After thus hinting that even in the days of the thirty years' war some men had learned a thing or two concerning the principle of the phonograph, Becher has a word to say of an instrument by means of which persons more than a German mile apart could talk with each other in a low tone of voice." Becher calls the instrument a stentrophonicon, and describes how in using it he was obliged to press his lips very close to the bell of a curiously shaped trumpet.

"I have seen," he continued, "one of these instruments at Grundler's in Nurnberg, and talked with him through it. Although we were a good distance apart at the time and talked very loudly, no one between us could hear a word we said."

During his tour of inquiry Becher also discovered that in several regions outside of Germany men had learned "to write down what others said, with wonderful rapidity, by means of strange characters." "Englishmen have discovered a kind of tachygraphy," he explains, "or an art which enables them to write as rapidly as the fastest speakers can talk. They have brought this wonderful art to such a degree of perfection that young persons often write out full sermons without a mistake. Orations in Parliament can be written out by this means as rapidly as they are delivered, which I regard as a very useful invention." So much for stenography two centuries ago.

To save himself the trouble of learning various languages of the countries through which he passed, Becher compiled a universal language, not unlike our Volapük. This language, he says, was derived directly from the nature of things, shaped easily over the tongue, and could be learned in four weeks. It had out twelve letters, and five hundred words, was clear of declinations and conjugations, and subject to but six rules of syntax.

Among the many other wonderful things which Becher saw on the Continent and wrote about in his little book were an air gun "which shot lead without powder or noise," another gun "which delivered three balls in rapid succession after one loading," a ship in which Cornelius Trebbel had ridden under the water of the Thames, and an air ship "held high above the earth by balls much lighter than the atmosphere."

SPRING STYLES IN HATS.

The Correct Thing in Men's Headgear This Season—The Soft Hat of a Past Generation Revived on a Large Scale—English Derbies and Silk Hats.

YOUNG MEN'S DERBY.

With the first month of spring comes a change in the style of men's hats. This custom has obtained in New York time out of mind. Father Knickerbocker observed it; it was in force among the dandies of ante-bellum history, and it has come down to the dudes and wise men of the present day as a tradition altogether too sacred to be disregarded. March 1 is the day on which to buy a new spring hat. Nobody can tell why so early a date should have been selected. Nine times out of ten the weather frowns upon the arrangement in a way that proclaims it absurd in a high degree.

One of the most pronounced innovations this season is the revival of the soft hat, which has been in the background for more than ten years. Its reappearance is significant. To a great many men it bears a message of hope to the effect that mankind in general and the fashion makers in particular are gradually recovering their lost senses. The class referred to is finally grounded in the belief that a stovepipe hat is the only sort a sane man should wear. They look upon the derby as an abomination. The derby is stiff and unyielding in its outlines, and takes possession of the wearer's face with an uncompromising and pitiless severity. If a man's face is naturally harsh and angular the derby makes it look the more so. If the face should be round the derby makes no allowance whatever for that circumstance.

SOFT HAT.

There are a dozen distinct styles of soft hats for the new season. The most fashionable is one on the Tyrolean order, with a crown from 5 to 6 inches in height and a brim varying in width from 1½ to 2 inches. Big men require a big hat and little men a smaller hat. These are the extremes in so far as the fashions are concerned, and between them is plenty of leeway for the exercise of all manner of individual tastes. Not all soft hats, however, have a pliable brim. On the contrary, a very fashionable design has a brim quite as stiff and just as relentless as the brim of a derby.

Will the derby be displaced in popular favor by the sudden revival of the soft hat? The hatters claim to know and they say it will not. It will lose some ground, certainly, but not enough to be of much account. That will be the case, at any rate, this season. Should the soft hat go on winning favor for three or four seasons to come, however, there is no foretelling just what may happen.

One of the extreme styles in Derbys—an imported creation, by the way—is cone-shaped, with a very narrow brim tightly rolled. It is flat set and square in front, like a bull's nose. The crown is rather low, but not so low as were some of the hats imported last spring. Another imported hat is flat set, with a stiff, flat brim.

YOUNG MEN'S DERBY.

Derbys of American make are of more generous proportions than those brought from London. The crowns are fuller and rounder and the brim a trifle wider. For young men the fashionable brim is 1½ inches in width; a medium roll and a slight curvature of set.

Generally speaking, black is the only color that will be worn, at least the only fashionable one. Dark brown holds second place in this regard, but will not be so popular this season as heretofore. The fancy shades, such as cerise, gold brown and tobacco, so much in use in Paris, by studious dressers will scarcely adopt them, it is thought. A new color resembling a crushed strawberry has been introduced for the sake of precocious young men who may desire to wear hats harmonizing with the rare rubicund tint of their best girl's hair, red hair being now a popular fad among the fair sex.

The spring silk hat is almost straight in the crown, with a brim ranging from one and a half to two inches wide. The brim rolls to a medium tightness. The set of the hat is carried rather more than that worn during the winter. The new English silk hat tapers slightly in the crown, has a very narrow brim, and is jaunty and piquant in character. The number of hats a well dressed man should possess is a matter to be decided largely by circumstances. There are a few men in New York who have more than six. For the coming season, now that the soft hat is in vogue, a man of fashion can hardly get along without that number. He will require two silk hats, two derbies of different shapes and two soft hats. In wet weather and for business wear the soft hat will have the call.—[New York World.

THE TOURIST.

HEREDITY.

What makes in her cheeks that beautiful glow,
That lovely light in her eye,
What makes her neck as white as snow,
What gives to the lips their bright dye?

What gives her that graceful and willowy form,
That head so shapely and small,
These graces of hers—bewitching they are—
Oh! does she inherit them all?

No, her father was homely and her mother was plain,
Her loveliness came not that way,
She diets, takes exercise, wears low-heeled shoes,
And walks several miles every day.

She's growing more lovely the older she grows,
And never knows illness or ache,
She's making experiments, trying to show
Heredity's all a mistake.

—Boston Courier.

Too Much for Him.

"Ah, ha!" exclaimed a shark: "he, he,
Here is a morsel choice for me
That isn't hard and flinty."
One gulp—the man was soon inside.
"Great Scott!" the ocean monster cried,
And straightway doubled up and died;
For it had downed McGinty.

—[Philadelphia Press.

The Best Remedy Taken in Season,

FOR Sore Eyes, Cancerous Humors, Prurigo, and other manifestations of depraved blood, is Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Used persistently, according to directions, it effectually eradicates all traces of disease, and restores the sufferer to a sound and healthy condition.

"I hereby certify that I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, with excellent success, for a cancerous humor, or, as it seemed to be, cancer on my lip. Shortly after using this remedy the sore healed. I believe that the disease is entirely cured, and consider Ayer's Sarsaparilla to be an infallible remedy for all kinds of eruptions caused by impure blood."—Charles G. Ernberg, Vasa, Minn.

"For years my blood was in an unhealthy condition. After having tried other medicines without success, I have lately taken Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and with the best results. I think this medicine is the only blood-purifier that can be absolutely relied upon."—Mrs. Oliver Valentine, 144 Quincy st., Brooklyn, New York.

"A neighbor of ours who was rend

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, MARCH 13, 1890.

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TO COMRADES WHO RECEIVE THIS NUMBER.

Our soldier friends are sending us in lists of names of comrades who do not take THE BLADE, that we may mail them sample copies, and receive their aid in working for a more liberal and just scale of pensions. Quite a number of comrades and others will receive sample copies of this issue. To them we say: We want the aid of your influence in our effort to build up public sentiment all over the country in favor of better pension legislation; to this end, we ask you to subscribe, and for your help to get others to do so. The influence of a paper is in direct proportion to the number of people who read it; and we propose to make our work count with Congress in this matter. We propose to *compel* our dilatory law-makers to do something; and to make the pension question a leading issue in the election of members of the Fifty-second Congress at the polls this fall. Will you help us? Give us the aid of your example, your assistance, and your influence!

THAT new type for THE BLADE is being made as rapidly as possible, and we shall be able to present our patrons the neatest, best-printed paper in the country in a short time.

SPEAKER REED, in his article on the quorum question in the March *North American Review*, puts the arguments in an unanswerable form in the following extract:

"On one question in the House during the late disturbances 163 members voted in the affirmative and 150 of the Democrats remained silent. Every one of those Democrats could and ought to have voted; he could not have defeated the motion, and yet it is claimed that their mere silence did what their votes, reinforced by two-and-thirty more, could not. Moreover, according to that same ingenious theory, any two of the 150 silent men, by voting against the motion, would have constitutionally carried it; and this is so, it has the disadvantage of not appealing to the common-sense of mankind.

"It is useless to cite in addition the debates of the Constitutional convention. It is true that they would remove any shade of doubt, if we had any, but the language of the constitution leaves no room for question. If, by any chance, there is not a quorum, the only thing to do is to vote to get one. It is not by recording those present by voting either yea or nay, but by making the absent present. It provides for the supply of what is lacking. That which was lacking was a quorum. It supplies that lack by 'attendance.' Attendance now was, and is necessary. Is it conceivable that our ancestors should have tried to supply by 'attendance' a lack of a quorum if they knew that 'attendance' would not supply the lack? Why send for men if that was not the remedy?"

IT is proposed to rigidly enforce the provisions of the prohibitory liquor law in Southern Dakota. A league of ultra prohibitionists has been formed, and it is declared that drinking shall be abolished not only in saloons, but in all private houses. The most substantial citizens in Sioux Falls and other cities are in the movement, and a bitter fight is anticipated. There is a determined feeling to enforce the law thoroughly, and give ample opportunity to test its value.

This struggle will be eagerly watched by the friends of prohibition in other states, for if the law can be made effective in South Dakota, the same determined effort can make it equally effective elsewhere, and the time may come soon when the reproach that "prohibition does not prohibit" will lose its force.

IT begins to look as if the Liberals would win in the next English general election. Their organization is said to be more perfect than ever before and there is the greatest enthusiasm manifested in their ranks. If parliament is dissolved immediately after the passage of the budget and an appeal is made to the country the Gladstonians confidently count on success. The government has made such a blunder in the matter of the Parnell commission, that even its own supporters are unwilling to defend it in debate. It would be a proud moment for the grand old man if Mr. GLADSTONE could be again at the head of a liberal ministry. Then the Irish members might rely upon some measure of justice for their afflicted section of the kingdom.

ANOTHER act of justice was performed by the House of Representatives in seating Mr. FEATHERSTONE, the Republican contestee for the seat of Mr. CATE from the First district of Arkansas. The Democrats tried hard to save their man, and failing in that, endeavored to have the election declared void and a new election ordered, but the Republicans were firm, and Mr. FEATHERSTONE was declared elected by a vote of 145 to 135. The oath was administered to him by the Speaker, and the Republican majority is again increased.

THE Senate committee on privileges and elections has decided to recommend the seating of POWERS and SAUNDERS, the Republican Senators from Montana. The Democrats on the committee will make a minority report, and it is possible Senator TURPIE will make an independent report that no election has been accomplished. The two Republican Senators will, however, be seated.

AN English writer on the subject of Great Britain's ocean subsidies, says: "We are paying £100,000 a year more than we need pay for the carriage of letters rather than entrust them to foreign vessels." If this government should adopt that policy, the American flag would soon be found to multiply on the ocean and our merchant marine would be as numerous as it once was.

DEMOCRATIC newspapers are constantly talking of the withering influence of the protective tariff. There was one increase of $3,000,000 in the total deposits of the Maine Savings bank last year, and a gain of 7,630 in the number of depositors. If that's the withering influence, the people of Maine will undoubtedly say "let her wither."

THE ballot-box, with a double slot, which was exhibited in the Featherstone-Cate contested election case, will, perhaps, convince the mugwumps, who assert that the negro has his full rights in the South, that there are very ingenious methods employed by the Bourbons to preserve a white man's government in that section.

BOSTON is making great preparations to entertain the Grand Army of the Republic, which will hold its annual encampment there next August. The committee of arrangements propose raising $112,000, and making the event one of the grandest in the history of the city.

THE EVILS OF BEER-DRINKING.

The *Scientific American*, a paper devoted entirely to scientific subjects and eschewing politics, in a recent number discusses the growing tendency in all parts of the country to abandon the use of whisky and all distilled forms of Rum, using beer in their stead. The change is one that has frequently been spoken of as a step in the direction of the "temperate use" of Rum, and some have even gone so far as to hail it as an indication of an improvement of the drinking habits of our people. This view is evidently founded on the idea that beer acts as a food—an opinion that is utterly wrong; for all the nutriment there is in an eight-gallon keg of beer does not equal that contained in a spoonful of wheat flour.

Those who hail a change from whisky-drinking to beer-drinking as an improvement also fall into the error of assuming that beer is not so harmful as are spirituous liquors. This mistake is clearly demonstrated by the paper referred to. It is to be remembered that after all possible excuses have been made for men who drink at all, the naked fact can not be concealed that they drink simply from the stimulus there is in Rum; that this stimulating principle resides in the alcohol which all its forms contain, and without which they would be simply disgusting slops, which nobody would taste; that there are other substances in each form of Rum, peculiar to that form, which give it its distinctive flavor, aside from the dominating fiery one of alcohol, and which substances are of themselves harmful, as well as is the alcohol.

As men drink for the exhilaration produced by the alcohol that any particular form of tipple they prefer may contain, it follows, as is shown by the experience of every one, that beer-drinkers imbibe beer in immense quantities. An ordinary glass of beer contains six or eight times as much liquid as a glass of whisky, and men drink a great many more of these large glasses of beer than they would of the much smaller glasses of whisky. As beer contains a much smaller per cent of alcohol than does spirits, they are obliged to swill it in bulky doses in order to attain the same degree of excitement and stimulus. They thus get, along with the alcohol, a very large quantity of the other chemical compounds which beer contains, and which of themselves are deleterious to the human organism; and the alcohol in the beer facilitates their absorption into the circulation. As to their effects upon the system, the journal above quoted says:

"The use of beer is found to produce a species of degeneration of all the organs; profound and deceptive fatty deposits, simple and destructive, conditions of congestion and perversion of functional activities, local inflammations of both the liver and kidneys are constantly present.

"In appearance the beer drinker may be the picture of health, but in reality he is least capable of resisting disease. A slight injury, a severe cold or a shock to the body or mind will probably provoke acute disease, ending fatally. Compared with inebriates who use different kinds of alcohol, he is more incurable and more generally diseased. The constant use of beer every day gives the system no recuperation, but steadily lowers the vital forces.

"It is our observation that beer drinking in this country produces the very lowest kind of insobriety, closely allied to criminal insanity. The most dangerous class of ruffians in our large cities are beer drinkers. Recourse to beer as a substitute for other forms of alcohol merely increases the danger and fatality."

The last paragraph quoted above contains a grave fact too often overlooked by the general public. The most brutal and revolting crimes and offenses are those committed by beer drunkards. It is a truth known to all men that the list of crimes and brutalities given in the daily press is largely due to Rum.

A few weeks ago a man in Canada killed his whole family, including two little children, with an axe, literally chopping them to pieces. The news story read, "He was drunk when he did it." On almost the same day another man in Brooklyn nearly murdered his wife and daughter with a huge knife, mangling the daughter frightfully. And again the story ran, "He was drunk when he did it." It would tell a startling tale of the dangers of beer-intoxication to follow up the lists of wife-beatings, cruelty to little children, outrages upon helpless females, and murders, in our cities, committed under the influence of the demon Rum, and ascertain in each case what the drink was that moved the human brute to his diabolical work. It would undoubtedly be found that those who committed the most revolting and brutal of these offenses are beer-drinkers.

There can be no distinction made in favor of beer as against other forms of Rum. In point of fact, the diseased conditions of body and mind which are the self-imposed fate of the beer-drunkard are worse, if that is possible, than those which make the penalty of the whisky-drinker. Certainly the effects upon the mind and the moral nature are worse, for the mental faculties are blunted, while the moral side is hopelessly perverted. It will not do to say that only men who are brutal by nature become the victims of beer; the brutality and stupidity of the chronic beer-drunkard must be due to the beer itself. The friends of temperance can make no greater mistake than to favor beer as an alternative for other kinds of Rum-drinking. The brewery and its manhood-degrading slop must be included in the objects to be destroyed through the crusade for Prohibition and to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

THE Chinese government is contemplating a revolution in the coinage of that country, which is now of copper, ranging in value from about a mill to a coin worth about 20 cents in face value, without either gold or silver coins. Bars of gold and silver bullion, however, are used in commerce, and the Mexican silver dollar circulates extensively in the seaboard cities. It is now proposed by the Chinese government to make silver a money metal, and to issue a series that will correspond somewhat to our dollars, halves, quarters and dimes. The coinage will be uniform throughout the vast empire, with its 430,000,000 population—at least six and a half times that of the United States. This will open a new market for the silver of the world, and ought to make silver higher in price, and aid in re-establishing its old-time ratio with gold. This is a consummation devoutly to be wished by every real friend of silver in the United States.

THE Democratic press all over the country is assuming that all the Republican contestants for seats in the House of Representatives are, or will be, seated regardless of justice, simply because they are Republicans. The truth is, that where Democratic contestees who have been unseated, it has been done on clear and undoubted evidence of deliberate and systematic frauds in their favor. The proofs of these frauds are overwhelming, and confirm the strongest assertions of the Republican press about vote, suppression and forging of returns.

THE Argentine Republic tried the experiment of a government paper currency, and is now suffering the results of its financial lunacy. Gold is at a high premium—nearly as high as it was here in the midst of the rebellion—and is steadily advancing. A terrible financial crash is impossible to be averted, which will ruin thousands of deserving citizens and lead to the greatest distress among the poor. This South American experiment in "greenback" currency is of the nature of an object lesson to the unwise people in this country who still talk that form of financial idiocy.

THE WESTERN FARMER.

The free trade papers are, with united voice, attributing the financial troubles of the farmers of the West to the tariff. True to the Bourbon idea that the masses of the people are fools, and may be led by a lie more easily than the truth, these organs are vehemently abusing the "iniquitous" system of protection, and advising the farmers to vote for Democratic free trade. But they fail to show how this will remedy the trouble—which is simply the low price of corn and wheat. Free trade won't cause anybody to eat one pound more of bread; and as the world's production of grain has for several years been in excess of the world's demand for breadstuffs, it ought to be plain to every honest person that no mere change of laws can alter this state of affairs.

It is absurd to say that foreign countries would buy grain of us instead of other wheat-growing countries. This is shown by the report of Mr. DODGE, chief of the bureau of statistics under the CLEVELAND administration, who declared that "no amount of advertising, no proffers of reciprocal trade, no change of fiscal policy, can force on Europe another peck of wheat per capita, scarcely another quart, for many years to come, unless unexpected disaster shall befall her crops." In other words, Europe buys of us now all the corn and wheat which she needs and can buy of us to advantage, and any changes which we might make in our tariff would not affect the amount her grain buyers would purchase of us in the least.

But there would be a distinct evil to the farming class in the adoption of the Democratic idea of abolishing protection. THE BLADE has frequently demonstrated that the main stay of the farmers is the consumption of their products in this country. In 1888, for example, out of 1,987,790,000 bushels of corn produced in this country, only 92,592,928 bushels were exported. If the free traders could have their way, a system would be introduced which would close many of our industrial establishments and cut down the wages of workmen in the factories which remained. The purchasing power of the farmers' best customers would be proportionately reduced. Moreover, some who are engaged in other occupations would resort to agriculture, and we should have increased production and poorer markets. Obviously, this is not a state of things which would benefit the farmers.

The simple fact is that in this country our agriculture has extended much faster than our consumption of agricultural product. The fact should be noted that in the years ending June 30, 1879, the homestead entries of land footed up 37,546,475 acres; while for the next ten years, ending June 30, 1889, they reached the total of 68,283,353 acres—almost double that of the previous decade. Commenting upon this, the Chicago *Tribune* truthfully says:

"The greater rapidity of settling up hitherto unoccupied lands was a legitimate consequence of the enlarged facilities for doing so which were presented by railroad extension. But it is none the less a valid cause for depression in prices since it has been far greater than the corresponding increase in population. It has allowed the supply of cereal and animal food to grow much faster than the demand.

"True the magnitude of the wheat crop has not augmented since about six years ago, but during that time the cultivation of cereals in other lands has been widely extended. In other grain and live stock the abundance of material has been so great as to force down prices by intense competition between sellers. Especially has this been the case with corn, a yield of about 4,000,000,000 bushels in two years having been unsurpassed by a couple of unusually mild winters, which reduced consumption on the farm to a minimum and left all the more to be offered for sale outside the counties in which it was raised. It is estimated that the packing of the West since the close of October includes fully 1,120,000 more hogs than were slaughtered in the corresponding time last winter. The vast increase in the quantity of product to be disposed of could only be met by important concessions on the part of sellers, and the wonder is rather that prices have not declined further."

The remedy is not free trade, but a diversification of products, a more careful study of markets and estimates of stock of grain on hand—in short, an application of business principles to farm production, instead of a stupid adherence to old ideas and old standards—adding to an already too great grain production, and then looking to some one else to save the farmer from the results of his own lack of business sagacity.

THE decision of the U. S. Supreme court in the case of Deputy U. S. Marshal NAGLE, who shot TERRY in California last summer while protecting JUSTICE FIELD pursuant to orders of the Attorney General of the United States will be looked for with great interest. The attorneys for the state of California have taken the square states rights ground, and Attorney General MILLER has characterized their argument as follows:

"The proposition advanced on the part of the state was a heresy as old as the government, which had been refuted times without number in the courts, in congress, and on the battle field."

He contends that the federal government has the power to protect its own courts, and that the executive department does not need a specific statute to act for that purpose. The decision will be an important precedent.

THE free trade journals are fond of telling the farmers how much they suffer under the evils of a protective tariff. In England farm laborers who are now receiving from nine to ten shillings per week ($2.35 to $2.50) and "boarding themselves," have made complaint because they cannot support themselves and their families on those wages, and they ask an increase to $3 a week. Compare those figures with the wages our farm laborers receive, and who would want free trade in this country?

A MAN has been arrested in New York for allowing his baby boy to die without medical attendance. He was a faith curist, and the little one died of diphtheria. His fellow "Christian scientists" claim that the law has no right to interfere with their peculiar practice; but common sense should tell them that the law is just in protecting children, and grown people too, from probable loss of life through neglect of those who should care for them, but who are willing to sacrifice them to fanaticism.

THE New Orleans *States*, a leading Southern Democratic journal, says:

"The people of Mississippi do not steal or rob ballot boxes, as Gen. Chalmers has charged, but they do suppress the negro vote, and this fact they make no effort to conceal. * * * * The attempt to enforce the Fifteenth Amendment in the South failed, and the federal election law, if it is enacted by Congress, will also fail of its purpose."

What have the Northern Democratic and mugwump newspapers that have persistently denied there was any suppression of the negro vote say to this frank admission?

PETITIONS have been circulated at many points asking Congress to so amend the present laws governing the appointment of lighthouse keepers, that preference shall at all times be given to honorably-discharged soldiers and sailors who may be found duly qualified for the duties of such positions. The matter is one that should receive the attention of Congress.

REPORTS from Hayti are to the effect that another revolution may be looked for. The trouble with Hayti is that she is trying to maintain a republican form of government with an ignorant voting class. Education is the remedy for the state of chronic revolution which exists there.

TEN DOLLARS FOR CLUBS!

THE BLADE is now offering the highest cash payments for clubs of any of the newspapers of the country. Those who wish to raise clubs and receive a cash premium will please write to us for confidential terms to agents.

Those who desire to earn one or more of the other premiums on our list, should read the following offers:

For a club of 10 subscribers, at $1 each, we will give a Trenton Watch, worth $5—a *guaranteed watch*.

For a club of 15 subscribers, at $1 each, a china tea set.

For a club of 20 subscribers, at $1 each, a china chamber set, or a Blade cook stove.

The teaset, chamber set and cook stove are the same that have already been described in our columns.

As an aid in raising clubs, write to us for all the specimen copies you may need. We will gladly furnish them free.

NEW SENATORS.

The choice of nineteen members of the United States Senate depends upon the state elections to be held this year. The twelve Republican Senators whose terms expire on March 4, 1891, and whose successors are to be chosen by state legislatures to be elected this year, are embraced in the following list:

Leland Stanford	California
Henry M. Teller	Colorado
O. H. Platt	Connecticut
C. B. Farwell	Illinois
John J. Ingalls	Kansas
John P. Jones	Nevada
Henry W. Blair	New Hampshire
William M. Evarts	New York
John H. Mitchell	Oregon
J. Don Cameron	Pennsylvania
Justin S. Morrill	Vermont
John C. Spooner	Wisconsin

There are seven Democratic Senators whose states will elect legislatures to choose their successors, as follows:

James L. Pugh	Alabama
James K. Jones	Arkansas
Wilkinson Call	Florida
Joseph E. Brown	Georgia
D. W. Voorhees	Indiana
Z. B. Vance	North Carolina
Wade Hampton	South Carolina

The present Senate, when the Montana contest is settled, will stand 47 Republicans to 37 Democrats. To tie the Senate, the Democrats must gain five senators by carrying the legislatures of five states now Republican, and to have a majority they must carry six. Can they do it? Evidently not. There is no one of the twelve Republican states which elect legislatures this year which affords the Democrats more than a fighting chance, and none is which they really entertain any hope of victory this fall.

Of the seven states which now have Democratic Senators whose terms expire **one year hence, six are beyond the pale of** honest elections and a fair count. Indiana is the only Northern state, and the Republicans would carry its legislature this fall were it not for the gerrymander of the legislative districts, made by the Democrats to defeat President HARRISON when his Senatorial term expired in 1887. Hence there is but little probability that the political complexion of the Senate will be changed in any respect by the legislative elections this year.

GET A WATCH FREE!

The attention of all readers is directed to the offer on the Trenton watch, in the Publishers' Department, fifth page. It is an excellent watch, and none have so far been returned under our warranty. It is the very best cheap watch in the market. We have several thousands of these watches, which we bought to give away to club raisers. To any one sending us a club of ten subscribers to the Weekly BLADE, and $10, we will send one of these watches free. We did not buy them to sell, but if any subscriber wishes one, we will send him the Weekly BLADE one year, and a Trenton watch, for $3. The watch retails in the jewelry stores at $5. Get up a club; you can earn yourself a good watch in a few hours.

THE United States Supreme court has just decided that a state cannot be sued by one of its own citizens without its consent—which can only be given by legislative enactment, of course. While the federal constitution declares that a state shall not be sued in the courts of the United States by the citizens of another state, it does not expressly extend such exemption from suits brought against a state by its own citizens. The decision is based upon the fact, as stated by Justice BRADLEY, that "the inability of a state without its consent was unknown to the law" when the constitution was framed. This principle was an outcome of the old tradition that the sovereign could do no wrong. But while this fact is ample to base the decision upon, there is an element of justice in the opposite view—that a state should be made to answer for its wrongs just as much as a person is. It will, however, take an amendment to the constitution to grant the power to individuals to sue a state.

THE Pennsylvania is considering measures for the improvement of country roads. A plan is under discussion which is thus described by H. NEIDIG, a mechanical engineer, who is its inventor:

"An iron track, somewhat analogous to a street-car track, must be provided for the wheels. This may be an iron bar, six or eight inches, flat on the under and slightly concave on the upper surface. It is not necessary to do much grading; the team travels between the rails, and this space may be cobbled, graveled or cindered, or left unimproved, as the main thing has been secured—a roadway for wheels. Such a road is a tremendous factor in its own construction, as a good track is at once secured to transport material on, and as to cost, it is considerably less than either plank stone or gravel. On no other kind of road can loads be hauled so large or so rapidly, and it can be shown that as a toll road, at only a moderate charge, from 15 to 25 per cent per annum can be realized on cost, clear of the expenses of wear and tear.

The plan is one that is worthy of consideration in Ohio. It would require a minimum of grading, and would be cheap as compared with macadamizing of any sort.

THE death of EDWIN COWLES, of the Cleveland *Leader*, removes a marked figure from the field of Ohio journalism. The Republican party loses a strong man, a leader in opinion, and one of the group of men who organized the party to fight against the extension of slavery into the territories. He was one of those who make their mark upon their times, and, like all strong men, was a hard fighter in the arena of public opinion, battling for the party in whose principles he believed with all the intensity of his strong nature.

THE New York *Sun* is Democratic, but not of the Cleveland brand. It severely remarks:

"Bah! Cleveland is about absolete. When a man gets on so much adipose that the rolls on the back of his bull neck hang over his collar, it is sheer nonsense to think of him as a candidate for President."

Nothing any Republican paper, even in the heat of a campaign, ever said about CLEVELAND, is quite as strong as the *Sun's* utterance—which is simply brutal.

FROM 1878 to 1889, according to the Director of the Mint, 360,729,969 ounces of silver were coined into standard silver dollars. This silver cost the government $287,932,107, and made $349,938,001 silver dollars. Counting these at par, the government's profit on the transaction has been $61,942,863. This is a matter it were well to consider in the discussion of the silver question.

A YEAR'S RETROSPECT.

One year ago on March 4 BENJAMIN HARRISON was inaugurated President of the United States, and the Republican party resumed control of the affairs of the nation, which it had held from the rebellion of the Southern States in 1861 up to the administration of GROVER CLEVELAND in 1885. At the last Presidential election the issues were sharply defined, and the country emphatically declared that four years of Democratic rule had been a genteel sufficiency, and that the Republican policy was the best for national safety and national prosperity. But the Republican party was not restored to power save upon certain pledges of action. It promised that in its foreign policy it would not be hoodwinked by specious diplomacy into sacrificing American interests; that the tariff should be revised, but on protection lines; that civil service reform should be carried out, and that justice should be done to the ex-Union soldier.

Has the Republican party kept faith with the American people in the first year of its restoration to power?

In its foreign policy it has been unquestionably American. It has been firm and outspoken in behalf of American interests, in marked contrast with the vacillating and weak acts of the CLEVELAND regime. The Samoan treaty was concluded upon lines laid down by this government, after our representatives selected by Mr. CLEVELAND had failed to secure a settlement of the disputed points. There is a fair prospect of an adjustment of the Canadian fisheries question and our rights in Behring sea, in such a manner as will preserve to the United States the privileges that have been contended for, but which were pusillanimously yielded by Mr. BAYARD. The Pan-American congress is a realization of the Americanism of the Republican party, and had its inception when Mr. BLAINE was secretary of State under GARFIELD. The deliberations of this congress will undoubtedly result in great good to all the countries represented, and will tend to greatly increase our trade with our South American neighbors.

As to the tariff, the committee on Ways and means in the House has given hearings to representatives of all industries which need protection, and it is expected that a bill will soon be presented which will adjust the present irregularities of customs duties, but in such a way that full protection will be given to American manufacturers and American labor. The country has come to understand that there can be no middle ground in regard to the tariff—it must be either honest protection or free trade; that the Democratic cry of "tariff reform" means an abandonment of the American policy of protection, and an acceptance of the foreign producer and laborer in competition with those of our own country. The bill that will be presented will so reform the tariff that the receipts will not exceed the just expenditures of the government, and at the same time American producers and American laborers will be protected in the enjoyment of the markets and the labor of their own country.

In regard to civil service reform, the *personnel* of the civil service commission—at least those gentlemen appointed by President HARRISON—is a guarantee that the letter and spirit of the law will be observed; and many pension bills are pending, from which some one giving full justice to those who perilled their lives in the defence of the Union, their widows and orphans, will undoubtedly become a law.

Besides this, the Republican party has begun the work of the rehabilitation of the merchant marine, the rebuilding of the navy so that it will comport with the dignity of our government, and compare favorably with the navies of foreign powers, and attention is being paid to the fortification of our sea coast cities, which would be first liable to attack in event of a foreign war. Measures are also being considered which will guarantee to every voter, whether white or black, in the South as well as in the North, the right to vote as he pleases at Federal elections, and to have his ballot honestly counted.

Altogether, the retrospect of the first year of Republican restoration is gratifying and satisfactory. Senator DAWES, in an article in the March *Forum* upon this subject, after a reference to the tariff bill in preparation, concisely sums up the situation thus:

"The rehabilitation of the navy and the restoration of the merchant marine are being pushed forward with a zeal and enthusiasm never known before. In shipyards on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, resonant with the fall of the hammer and the music of the lathe, and animate with the genius and skill of American artisans, ships are being built for the navy and merchant service that have no superiors afloat. * * * Hope has been kindled anew in the breast of the colored citizen that his constitutional rights will no longer be a mockery, and that the utmost power of the constitution will be invoked for his protection."

The only note of dissatisfaction that has been heard is that proceeding from men who are dominated by the spoils idea—who measure an administration, not by what it is doing for the nation, not by the manner in which it fulfills its pledges, but solely by their own petty personal aspirations and desires. It is impossible to satisfy all office-grabbers; when there are a dozen men working for the same position, there are sure to be eleven disappointed ones. And it is from this class that the only criticism comes. But the great mass of the people, who care not what individuals have the offices so that their duties are honestly and efficiently discharged, are satisfied with the first year of the new administration, and with the work it has laid down for future accomplishment.

THE Tennessee state senate has passed the Dortch bill, providing stringent regulations for elections. The measure requires an educational qualification for voters. We doubt whether it will pass the House. Its aim is to disfranchise the negroes; but Tennessee has too many white Bourbons who can not read nor write for the measure to be popular.

IT is reported by cable that a tremendous strike is organizing among the miners in the north of England. The demand for more wages has pushed aside the eight-hours question for the moment, and the strike is likely to disturb every industry in England.

ANOTHER Democratic state treasurer gone wrong. This time Treasurer NOLAND of Missouri, is alleged to be $250,000 behind. Another argument why Missouri should shake off the Bourbon thrall and join the West, where she geographically belongs.

THE theory that a representative is not "present" unless he wants to vote, notwithstanding that he is occupying his seat in plain view of everybody, is called by Speaker REED "the doctrine of the invisibility of the visible." A well-put phrase.

THE St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* has a remarkably level head. It remarks that "the Bourbon legislature of Ohio is doing noble work for the Republicans in destroying all chances of Bourbon success again in that state within the next dozen years."

THE House committee on Rivers and Harbors will allow 40 per cent of the amount recommended by the engineers in their reports for improvements. The last Congress allowed 33⅓ per cent of the recommendation.

ENGLISH SUBSIDIES.

Nothing worries the free trade propagandists in this country so badly as any reference to England's policy of paying heavy subsidies to her merchant shipping. Some of the more perverse have even gone to the length of denying that England does, or ever did, grant subsidies. This denial can only be excused on the ground that if a fellow is going to lie, he would better tell as big a lie as possible; certainly no free trader will expect the people to believe a denial of an established fact.

The fact is as clearly ascertainable as any other item of governmental expense that, since 1849, when the plan of subsidizing was begun in England, she has paid out a total of more than $200,000,000 to the owners of steam merchant vessels, and these payments are still being made at the rate of something like three millions per year. Not long ago, a subsidy of $300,000 was granted for the establishment of a new line of British steamers from British Columbia to China, and an additional subsidy of $500,000 for a new line from England to Canada is being arranged for. Wherever opportunity offers, from time to time, the subsidy system of Great Britain is being extended to new lines as the old ones become comparatively self-sustaining.

Nor is the statement of American free traders that these sums are paid for mail service, and are not really subsidies, a true one. It is not only a subterfuge; it is a lie. In the first place, direct subsidies are paid to a so-called class or "merchant cruisers" which are not required to carry any mail bags whatsoever. Again, take the instance of the new line across the Pacific. The amount now paid France and Italy for carrying the mails which this new line will carry, according to the London *Times*, is £2,165 annually. Yet, in order to have this mail carried all the way by British vessels and to encourage British shipping, and thus British commercial and military interests, the British government has already engaged to pay an annual subsidy of $300,000, almost 30 times as much as it would cost by the other route, and is preparing, according to the public press, to pay for the Atlantic service an additional $500,000.

Of this new subsidy the London *Times* says that "the scheme is not justifiable on postal reasons alone." The British Postoffice report, speaking of the general class of subsidized steamships, remarks: "To assume that these packets were only established for Postoffice purposes is to charge the government with the most absurd extravagance. The West India packets, for instance, were established at a cost of £240,000 per annum, though the utmost return expected from letters was £40,000, leaving the £200,000 a clear deficit."

Again, in a letter to the London *Times* of September 28, 1886, J. HENNIKER HEATON, M. P., writing to resent an assertion of the secretary of the Treasury, that "we (Great Britain) are losing £1,000 a day, £365,000 a year, by our ocean mail service," says: "As a matter of fact, these subsidies are not paid to make up a deficiency in the postal accounts, but in order to keep up the character of our merchant fleet." These are facts which the American free traders cannot successfully deny. They show that Great Britain feels so strongly the necessity of fostering her commerce that she pays heavy subsidies to keep steamer lines in operation. If we want to compete with her, we shall have to do the same thing.

THE report is that the British coal fields are giving out. It is certain that English coal can not last always. Great Britain has been for many years the greatest producer of coal in the world, and her annual output now is about 20 per cent greater than that of the United States. England's manfacturing interests are enormous consumers of fuel, but the output of coal does not increase with the increase of consumption. The supply does not now equal the demand, and prices, as a natural consequence, are rising. This ought to increase production, but it does not, because the mines are getting worked out, and what coal is produced comes from the deeper mines, where the cost of mining is increasing. This, with the diminished supply, means a gradual rise in the cost of fuel to every one in Great Britain; and this will enhance the cost of British-made goods, especially those requiring much fuel in the manufacture, as iron and steel, both in bulk and in their myriad manufactured forms. The day is coming when the United States will be the world's greatest manufacturer.

PRESIDENT HARRISON'S letter to the Republican League shows that he recognizes the value and power of such organizations for political and mutual benefit. It breathes the spirit of true Republicanism in the following paragraph:

"The party to which you belong has never suffered by an intelligent discussion of its history or its principles, and I am sure your organization will continue to furnish courageous and well appointed champions wherever the lists of debate are opened."

The Republican party has always welcomed the fullest and most complete discussion of its principles, satisfied that they cannot be successfully assailed by any arguments that their opponents may present. The history of the last Presidential campaign is a good illustration of the result of the discussion of the principles of Republican protection and Democratic free trade.

WM. WALDORF ASTOR has proposed to give half a million dollars to establish a colored university in the territory of Oklahoma and to add $100,000 for the erection of buildings. The colored immigration to this territory has already been very large and it is likely that many more negroes will flee from the oppression to which they are subjected in the South to this territory, where they can enjoy perfect freedom of action. Already the number of blacks in Oklahoma is said to outnumber the whites, and the prospect is that when this territory is admitted to statehood, it will come in as a black state. Then it will give new dignity and new aspirations to the colored race, and will prove whether they are fully competent to intelligently enjoy the rights of citizenship or not.

THE debate on the FEATHERSTONE-CATE election contest in the House of Representatives was quite lively. Mr. ROWELL, of Illinois, spoke but the truth when, after a scathing review of the Bourbon methods in the South, he said that the time had come to put an end to murder, to shifting ballot-boxes, to false returns, to forcible rebellion, to rebellion against the United States in order to overturn the rights of the black man. The wheel of progress was rolling on, and the man who stood in the way of maintaining the constitution would be crushed to the earth.

THE new tariff bill, which is to be submitted to Congress by the Ways and Means committee, is nearly complete, and Mr. MCKINLEY thinks it will be presented to the House in about two weeks. Ample time will be given for its discussion, and then it will pass; it will also pass the Senate, and be signed by President HARRISON. Then the free trade Democracy will have to openly take its real position—to destroy protection.

THE prediction is made that 14,000 miles of new railways will be built in this country during the present year. We think it doubtful, for this would exceed any previous year's record.

THE OHIO GERRYMANDER.

The gerrymander has gone through the Ohio General Assembly and is now a law. At the Congressional election of 1888, sixteen Republicans and five Democrats were elected. The gerrymander is intended to exactly reverse this, and give sixteen Democrats to five Republicans. The scheme is but part of the plan of the Democratic National committee to obtain a majority in the next House of Representatives, whose members are to be elected this fall. The House now stands 172 Republicans and 161 Democrats—a Republican majority of eleven. Consequently this gerrymander, if the people vote as they did last year, will wipe out the present Republican majority, and make the House a tie.

But are the voters of Ohio prepared to indorse this scoundrelly endeavor to overcome the popular will? At the Congressional elections of 1888, there was a clean Republican majority of about 500,000 in favor of Republicanism and protection in the states outside of the solid South, where no comparison is possible, because the vote is not honest nor are the returns of the slightest value as an index of popular feeling. We do not believe the people of Ohio are ready to turn the country over to the combination of Southern Bourbons and Northern free traders, at the bidding of a junta which takes its inspiration from GROVER CLEVELAND'S mad ambition to again reach the Presidential chair.

It will be impossible to send as large a delegation of Republican representatives to the next House as Ohio has at present, but the effort to replace the eleven Republicans by free trade Democrats will fail in its entirety. There are several districts which afford good fighting ground for Republicans, and we believe the result will prove to the Democrats that a gerrymander is a weapon that will wound the hands that wield it.

PLEASED WITH THEM.

There is no more useful premium offered to club-raisers by any newspaper than the Blade tea set, or the Blade cook stove. Everybody who raises clubs and obtains either is delighted. Here are a few specimen letters:

EDEN, N. Y., Feb. 25.—EDITOR BLADE:—The tea set arrived on Feb. 11. They came safe, without any being broken. I am delighted with them. They are so beautiful that I feel well paid for my trouble, for I secured the fifteen names in one day. The two stories in THE BLADE are well worth the price of the paper. Yours truly, MRS. WM. L. LADUE.

CENTRALIA, KAN.—EDITOR BLADE:—I received the tea set all safe and sound, not one piece broken. They were a surprise to my wife; she is highly pleased with them. Yours,

E. S. GILSON.

ACADEMY, Ind., March 3.—The tea set arrived safe, and I am much pleased with the same. It is worth fully $15.00, and I would not take that price for it. I think it simply immense. This shows how much we are benefited by protection. DORA WARNER.

MT. EPHRAIM, O., Feb. 26.—EDITOR BLADE: I received the tea set Feb. 8, 51 pieces, for which I return my heartiest thanks. I am well paid for my work. My friends say they are very pretty. Freight, 82 cents. Yours with respect, MRS. J. M. MURPHY.

NEWARK, Mo., Feb. 27.—EDITOR BLADE:—The premium tea set was received a few days since, in good condition. I am well pleased with it; think it to be all that you represent it to be. With thanks, I wishes to be, THE BLADE, I remain yours truly, J. S. NELSON.

FORTVILLE, IND., Feb. 24.—EDITOR BLADE:—The Blade tea set came all right, not a piece cracked. It is as nice as the tea sets that they ask $15 for in the market here, and, I think, better and nicer. The neighbors all think they are perfect beauties. Success to THE BLADE.

A. C. DAVIS.

DESHLER, O., March 3.—EDITOR BLADE:—The tea set came to hand all right, not a piece cracked or broken. They are much better than we expected, which I was well paid for raising a club for your valuable paper. Freight only 52 cents. Long live the dear old BLADE. Yours truly, MRS. RUFUS RILL.

HENRIETTA, WIS., March 1.—EDITOR BLADE:—I received my tea set all right and was very much pleased with them. There wasn't a piece broken. They are all you represented them to be. I feel highly paid for my trouble. Yours, respectfully, LEILA BROCKWELL.

Similar letters were received from H. A. Montgomery, Bower, Neb.; Samuel Ransom, Fisher, Pa.; and G. W. Stallcup, Walla Walla, Wash.

The following letters show how the Blade cook stove is regarded:

FITCHVILLE, O., Feb. 24.—EDITOR BLADE:—The stove came to hand on February 22 in good shape. I consider it well worth the money, and am well pleased with it. It is the handiest stove I have ever used. Yours truly,

MRS. H. GRIFFIN.

MAY DAY, KAN., March 7.—EDITOR BLADE:—I received your stove all O. K. It gives perfect satisfaction. Its cost, including freight and the subscriptions, was $14.42, being much cheaper than an equally good one could be purchased here. Yours respectfully, A. S. EDGERTON.

THE LAST CHANCE TO OBTAIN "ANDERSONVILLE."

For a year or so we have not been advertising the famous book, "Andersonville," because we intended to abandon its publication, supposing that every one who wished it was supplied. Still, the orders have kept dropping in, two or three a week, which we have filled from the copies remaining from former editions. These being exhausted, we have had printed a final edition of 1,300 copies, which are now ready for delivery. When these are exhausted, the book will be out of print, and therefore unob

THE PENSION QUESTION.

SECOND PAPER.

An Absolute Unanimity of Action for One Measure Necessary to Success.

We find, in the shoals of letters from soldiers and their friends, of which we have published a large number, a wide diversity of opinion as to what is wanted. Division of opinion is division of effort; and there should be absolute unanimity in demanding *one thing*, either abandoning all others or leaving them for the future. It will be noted by those who have attentively read the letters we have published, that there is a general unanimity of opinion as to one point—and that is,

A Service Pension.

THE BLADE believes that all efforts should be concentrated upon that one point. Nor do we think it wise that there should be any division of opinion as to the minor provisions of the bill. Last week we published the per diem service pension bill, prepared by the Pension committee of the Grand Army of the Republic. We are inclined to think the best thing to do is to unite solidly in support of this measure. There are certain changes that we should make in it, if our views were consulted; but the enemies of service pension could not be better aided than by getting up a discussion and dispute over the provisions of this or any other measure that might be proposed. Dividing opinions about the bill will be their way of killing it. It is not probable that this or any other bill will pass Congress without some changes being made. All legislation is necessarily of the nature of a compromise; and a measure that will add at least $100,000,000 a year to the pension paid by the country will have a powerful army in opposition.

The Nature of the Opposition.

A great majority of those who have written to THE BLADE upon the pension matter seem to have no realization of the magnitude of the forces opposed to any increase in pension expenditures. Living in communities in which ex-soldiers are numerous, they fail to appreciate the fact that in large sections of the country public opinion is decidedly hostile to their wishes. Let us recapitulate the different factors of the opposition which the service pension bill will meet in Congress.

First—The members from the late rebel states. These will base their opposition on the ground of the "enormous expense;" but it will be in reality because of opposition to pensioning the men who whipped them. Here and there you will find an ex-Confederate citizen who is fair-minded enough to admit the justice of the nation's pensioning its defenders, but the politicians will oppose it to a man.

Second—Every pronounced free-trader in Congress. They know that any reduction of the tariff is impossible if $100,000,000 is added to the yearly expenses of the government at a single stroke, and hence will fight service pensions to the bitter end.

Third—An uncertain number of Congressmen who honestly hesitate to actively support a scheme which involves such a tremendous outlay, not for one year alone, but which will be large for the next quarter of a century or more, though gradually decreasing.

Nor must our soldier friends imagine that the people of the United States themselves are by any means universally in favor of the service pension measure. In the West, this sentiment is in the majority. In the South, the majority sentiment is against it. In the East, there is strong opposition. It will not do to judge of the whole country by a single county, nor by a single state, even.

Absolute Unanimity Needed.

With the opposition cited above, it is not good policy for the friends of the measure to quarrel over details, to attempt the passage of two or three bills for other measures besides service pensions, or to load the service pension bill down with provisions for any special class of pensioners. The passage of a service pension measure will benefit by far the greatest number of surviving veterans. We may safely say that any service bill passed will give a pension to all honorably-discharged soldiers and sailors, and to their surviving widows. Those provisions are vital. We believe every one should unite in the effort to secure the passage of a service pension bill, without any stipulation as to its provisions, other than that no one shall receive less than $8 per month.

Get Up Your Petitions!

The main thing is to get a service pension bill passed—to place the veterans of the war for the Union upon the same plane as the veterans of the war of 1812 and of the Mexican war. To this end every veteran, every friend of the soldier, should unite in petitioning Congress for such a measure. Petitions to Congress should be prepared in every township in the United States, and every voter be canvassed for his signature. Grand Army posts should not only send in their own resolutions in favor of a service pension, but they should prepare petitions and have them circulated so thoroughly that every voter should have an opportunity of signing them. Congress should be made to understand that it is not the veterans alone—not the men who would be benefitted directly—who are asking for the passage of a service pension bill; but that there is a large class of influential citizens, outside the soldier element, who demand it.

How Many Veterans Yet Survive?

The most trustworthy statistics at our command set down the total of enlistments, in all armies of the Union service during the war of the Rebellion, at 2,859,132. Reduced to a uniform three years' standard, the aggregate is 2,320,272. The largest state supply, of course, was from New York—204 regiments, 35 batteries and 25 detached companies, with recruits at various times for all, making 467,047 men. The smallest of any loyal state was from Nevada—1,080 men—yet Nevada supplied 15 7-10 per cent of her total population and New York but 12 per cent. The largest per cent of the total population was by Kansas—18 8-10 per cent—and it is believed that Kansas now contains the largest per cent of veterans.

Now how many separate individuals were there among those 285,132 (excluding reënlistments?) Exactness is not possible, but a pretty close approximation may be made. Of the short term men of 1861 it is certain that nine out of ten re-enlisted. Of those of 1862 it is estimated that four-fifths did so. And of the "100 days men" and other short termers of 1863 and 1864, local tests indicate that from one-third to one-half had previously served in three year regiments, while many more afterwards did so. Making the proper deductions, estimators places the actual men enlisted at from 1,800,000 to 1,900,000. By the known laws of mortality it is not possible that half of these are now alive.

The exact number yet surviving will be ascertained by the census to be taken this year; and it is because of this that we have believed that the passage of the service pension bill will not be accomplished until the next session of Congress. No matter how strongly we may feel that it is a matter of justice, and should not be delayed, there are others who are inclined to enforce the maxims of ordinary business, and who will insist on finding out how much a service pension will cost the treasury annually, before they commit themselves to such an enormous expenditure. And we should not be surprised if their demand would have to be complied with, and Congress await the enumeration. Then it can be told exactly how many pensioners there would be, and the expense can be figured to a dollar.

We will now proceed to give some reasons why a service pension bill should be passed.

TO BE CONTINUED.

WHAT THE BOYS SAY

ABOUT THE PENSION QUESTION.

Another Batch of Letters to the Blade on This All-Important Matter.

THE letters from soldiers on the pension question are as the sands of the sea in numbers. To publish all is impossible. Hence we make a selection, cut them down all we can, even to a couple of lines, and publish as many as we can find room for. All those given below were received before February 13—hence you can see how far we are behind. *Make your letters short;* write only on one side of the paper; address your letter simply "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio," and *not* to the Camp Fire; give your full name, with company and regiment; tell us what pension legislation you favor, and your reasons—and don't be offended if your letter is cut down, or not published at all.

Condensed Opinions.

BUFFALO, MO.—Give each soldier a pension of $12 a month.—R. R. F., Co. I, 16th Mo. Cav.

——: —I favor service pension, and allow disability pension also, the same as now.—W. H. C.

CAVE HILL, MO.—Soldiers should have their first dues—not as beggars and paupers.—A. L. M.

HAWKEYE, ——. —Every soldier ought to receive a pension.—C. H. F., Co. K, 1st Mich. Cav.

PITTSBURG, IOWA.—I am in favor of a general service pension bill.—J. E. C., Co. H, 66th Ohio.

OXFORD, W. VA.—If you forget us, congressmen, we will forget you in the coming elections. —J. M.

VELPEN, IND.—I am in favor of the per diem pension bill, and the repeal of the arrearages act.—J. R.

WALNUT, IOWA.—Do away with the limitation act and give us a chance to own an acre or two of this country.—D. S.

VICKSBURG, MICH.—Those who grumble at pensions are a class who would be in Canada if we had another war.—F. M. M.

NELSON, NEB.—I am in favor of a service pension. It is the only way to reach the truly needy.—D. B., Co. H, 11th Iowa.

LEBOY, KAN.—We have our eyes open now and will know hereafter who are our friends and who are not.—T. L. W., Co. F, 25th Ill.

DE KALB, TEX.—I think all soldiers who suffered in prison should have at least $2 a day for that time.—J. N. T., Co. A., 7th Tenn. Cav.

EUREKA SPRINGS, ARK.—All we want is that Congress shall make its word good and give us what is due by right.—W. W. J., Co. H, 34th Ill.

DELHI, N. Y.—The bill meeting the hearty approval of all is the per diem bill, in addition to all disability pension.—H. E. S. C., 40th N.Y.

JUNCTION, O.—I am in favor of a service pension on the per diem system. I think it the most just measure introduced.—H. D. M., Co. D, 14th Ohio.

BENNETTSVILLE, N. Y.—I would be perfectly satisfied if we could have paid us the difference between the greenbacks we received for pay, and coin.—G. B.

HUNTER, O.—I can tell you just what the soldiers want. They want service pension, and will be satisfied with nothing that does not lead to that point.—D. P.

WELLS, GA.—One cent per day for the time served; at the age of 60, increase it, if less, to $12 per month.—J. M. B., Co. A, 3d Regt., 1st Brig., 2d Div., 23d A. C.

TEMPLETON, PA.—Give us a service pension—such a one that the government need not be ashamed of. We do not ask it as a favor—we ask it as a debt due us.—C. N., Co. K, 155th Pa.

LAMAR, KAN.—I say, three cheers for the Toledo BLADE! May it never return to its sheath until it shall have pulverized the Rum Power and the Soldier-hating Power.—T. E. B., Co. K, 12th Iowa.

KNOXVILLE, Ill.—Why is it that so many of the comrades are in the poorhouse or in otherwise distressed circumstances, when it is being urged that the country has done its full duty to them? —T. B. T., Co. E, 83d Ill.

BUTLER, PA.—The soldiers have never got what is due to them, and unless they can bring some power to bear in their behalf, such as THE BLADE is capable of wielding, they never will get it.—G. W. F., Co. A, 6th Pa., H. A.

COLBY, WIS.—What we want now is a service pension, which will give every soldier something. If it is not so much it will help, and that must be soon. If it is not, many will not need it.—W. Y., Co. F, 1st Wis. Cav.

——: —I favor service pension; and I don't consider it any disgrace for a comrade to have gone to have gone to a hospital if he was sick. This hospital talk is thinner to me than any bean soup.—J. L. S., Co. E, 62d Ill.

ADA, O.—Carman Post, G. A. R., of this place, has unanimously adopted resolutions offering the dependent bill, and in favor of a service pension law, in addition to any disability pension now received.—O. S. R.

SALEM CENTER, IND.—My idea of pensioning the soldiers who saved this country is to give them all a pension, and be quick about it, for we are falling fast, autumn leaves and soon there will be none to pension.—A. S., Co. A, 21st Ind.

BADEN BADEN, Ill.—I think Congress should pass the service pension bill immediately; but I do not favor giving the power into the hands of the rebel brigadiers and copperheads, if Congress fails to pass the bill during this session.—W. M. C., Co. E, 22d Ill.

WAPELLO, IOWA.—I am aware that the government is entirely too slow with her defenders and am one of the boys that will do his part towards cutting off the heads of our members of Congress, if they fail to come to time in the 51st Congress.—J. J. A., Co. F, 13th Vt.

CHAMBERSBURG, MO.—The per diem pension bill now pending is as near the right thing as any. Then take off the limitation of arrears; then change the law so a soldier's widow could draw a pension, regardless of the cause of her husband's death.—R. B., Co. G, 7th Mo. Cav.

HUNTSMAN, W. VA.—"Money can never repay the just debt of gratitude we owe." Now it is time for Congress to act on this question. Their promise is out. Let our representatives be as faithful to keep their pledges as they have been to make them, and bear in mind that "broken pledges" is what destroyed the Democratic party.—G. H.

IRETON, IOWA.—We have once more a Republican House, Senate and President, and tens of thousands of worn and weary veterans are trembling that combination with the expectation of seeing justice done them at last, and I for one have faith that they will not be disappointed.—F. G. C., Co. C, 2d Minn.

MEDORA, IND.—I wish that every congressman and senator that opposes pension legislation had to be confined in some such prisons as I was confined in while I was prisoner of war. I think the soldiers would get their just dues without any trouble. C. M., Co. G, 50th Ind. and 52d Ind.

BRADY, O.—Congress should do justice to the boys by repealing the limitation on arrears, and thus treat all alike, for I claim that every one who has filed claim and proven disabilities since the debarring act has just as much right to pay from the time of discharge as those who did get it.—J. H. B.

VAN WERT, O.—In addition to a disability pension we want a service pension at $8 per month up to 800 days served and 1 cent per day per month for time served above 800 days. We want the arrears bill repealed; we don't want the government withholding that that justly belongs to us.—J. L., Adjt. Scott Post, G. A. R.

HUNNEWELL, MO.—The service bill giving one cent per day for the length of time served, rating no one less than 800 days should meet with the universal approval of all soldiers. Some law ought to be enacted by Congress by which claim could be more readily adjusted I know of some claims that have been pending for 15 years and 20 years.—F. R. F.

Throw All Your Strength for the Per Diem Bill.

The talk of a service pension at the present time has caused the soldiers of this community to discuss the matter.

Ninety day and one year men generally favoring the $8 per month, while the three and four year men favor the per diem bill, the latter contending that those soldiers who enlisted at the commencement of the war have never received the compensation received by those that enlisted in the last year of the war, at least so far as bounty is concerned. The "long term" soldiers think there should be some distinction made in favor of their length of service, when a service pension is passed.—J. L., Co. D., 97th Ind.

The Case Argued.

ELLENSBURG, WASH.—I am for a service pension law, allowing each soldier who served three months or more a pension of $12 a month, independent of an invalid pension, and after they have reached the age of 60, it should provide for $15 a month, regardless of an invalid pension. The word "dependent," as appears in Senator Davis's bill, is very humiliating to the old soldier. He must be either a fool or a pauper before he is entitled to a pension. If we are entitled to it, let us have it; if we are not, who will stand by the country's call the next time our flag is trailed in the dust? Do not lessen the patriotism in our sons and daughters by forming us paupers. Many of us, by good judgment and the nerve that saved the Union, have made ourselves comfortable homes and have enough of this world's goods around us to make us happy, but is this any reason a comrade should not have a pension? If the government owes a man a debt, does that man have to be a pauper before he can collect it? Give us a service pension law that will reach every loyal son of liberty who can produce a discharge for three months' honorable service to the government, and a liberal deal to invalids. Many are drawing pensions now who answered to every roll call and slung his lead in every fight, that have no hospital records. It is this class who usually fail to get an increase or a re-rating.—Co. A, 110th Ill.

A Common-Sense View.

LEE'S SUMMIT, MO.—When an honorably discharged Union soldier is dependent upon his manual labor for support, and is incapacitated from performing such labor by reason of advancing age, sickness, or misfortune, whether they are an incident of his service or not, he should receive a sum sufficient for his maintenance in comfort.—C. J., Capt. Co. D, 14th W. Va.

When Service Pension Should Begin.

CLARK, MO.—I say 50 years should be the average limit of service pension, as Gen. John C. Black, ex-commissioner, fully demonstrated that the average life of the soldier of the Union of the war of the rebellion is 56 years. Hence a majority of us would be dead, and never receive any benefit, if we had to wait until we are 60 years old.—T. M. S., 2d Iowa Cav.

A Hot Shot at Saloonists.

GRAND RAPIDS.—Some action should be taken by Congress investing the commissioner of Pensions with power to make it compulsory for every pensioner to give the proceeds of his pension to the benefit of his family instead of giving it to rascally saloonkeepers as some now do. When I say "saloonkeepers," I mean those damnable robbers and recruiting officers of hell.—J. M.

Not As It Should Be.

WEST PLAINS, MO.—How about the rank and file of that once grandest army on earth? Where do we find them to-day? Twenty thousand of them are living in county poor houses. This, the richest nation on earth, has permitted 20,000 of her sons, who gave their health and strength to put down the rebellion, to come to this. At least 50,000 have hunger and cold gnawing at their vitals every day. This is not as it should be.—R. W. C.

A Word For Prisoners of War.

SOUTHWELL, KAN.—Among the pension bills that have hung fire for the two past sessions, after being recommended by the pension committee of the House, is the bill to give $2 per day to those who were confined in rebel prisons during the war. As exchanging was stopped as a military measure by the advice of Gen. Grant, I think the country can afford to pay him and give a reasonable pension to those who were in prison any length of time. I am strongly in favor of a service pension.—W. M., Co. C, 7th Ill. cav.

A Plea for Parents.

STURGEON, MO.—How many parents gave their right hand, their hope, their only boy, perhaps only 16 or 18, to answer the call for 100-day men about the close of the war. How many of these never came back! And yet the parents of those boys can't get pensions, because they were hard-working people, and cannot prove their dependence at the time of the soldier's death; but now, at the age of 70 or upwards, they find themselves dependent upon their other children, who are hardly able to provide for their own families.—W. K.

What Should be Done.

MINDEN, NEB.—What I would like to first see made law is this: First—The dependent pension bill, that will relieve all the needy comrades or their widows. Second.—To repeal the limitation of arrearages. That is one of the most unjust acts this government is guilty of. A and B, both are equally worthy, and both being required to furnish the same proof. A receives pension for 25 years back, B, from time of filing his claim, although he has proven he was entitled for 25 years, same as A. Let us all work together for justice to the disabled and then we will all work for service pension and it will come sure.—J. M. E., Co. I, 141st Pa.

A Reasonable Position.

CAWKER CITY, KAN.—We soldiers and sailors did not have a chance with the stay-at-homes. Wages were high and all farm products brought fabulous prices; some made their thousands speculating off our government, while we were at the front saving the life of the army from coming north and spoiling their money-making business. We were doing this at the rate of $6.50 per month or even less, for we of the navy were paid $18 per month, but every thread of our uniform we had to purchase. A war high as it was, so that we did not have more than $10 left in depreciated currency. By all means let us have the per diem pension bill in addition to the present laws; for those now getting pensions get them for disabilities contracted while in the service, and in most cases are not getting enough. Repeal the law requiring proof that the disability originated in the service, while this might not be entire justice to is about as much as the government could do for us at present.—E. D.

Knows What He Wants.

MT. VERNON, MO.—Congress should at once repeal the Arrears pension act; then repeal the law of making examining boards, and give the money the government pays them to the soldier; third and last, but not least, pass a service pension bill that will cover all grades and cases. Give all who were not in rebel prison 60 days, a pension at the rate per month of one cent for each day's service rendered, the time to count from the day of muster in to the date of discharge, let that be long or short, but give all who were in prison over that 2 cents for each days service rendered, and those who enlisted for three years and served out their term of three years, and were in prison at the end of the term, should have 3 cents for each days service rendered. I think that the government should feel under more obligation to the last class than any others, as they had complied fully with their part of the contract and the government has not.—M. N.

A Case in Point.

GRAYSVILLE, TENN.—I enlisted in Sept., 1861, served three years and two months, when failing health, caused by the swamps of Louisiana and Arkansas, compelled me to resign on a surgeon's certificate. I have no hospital record, consequently I have never asked for a pension. And now, at the age of 59, I find myself about used up physically, yet not quite destitute enough to come under the provisions of the disability act, now before Congress. There is many a poor fellow that would be benefited by this act, however, and if nothing better can be had, for heaven's sake give them the relief this bill will give, and give it to them now. But I am of the opinion that a service pension would come nearer filling the bill than any measure now introduced in Congress.

The eye of the nation is upon Congress as to what it will do for the boys that served the nation in 1861-65. I have voted with the Republican party since it was a party. In 1856 I threw all my soul into the cause, and I have continued to do battle under her banner until to-day. I have thought all these long years that justice was her watchword. I have not altogether lost heart, but must own to what tardy justice to the living or the dead of a glorious nation, almost make me feel sick at heart. Gentlemen of the majority in Congress, Republicans, you will remember the pledges made the volunteer in those dark days. Don't forget, then! Don't delay much longer that justice due those brave men. Down here the Democrats say that the soldier elected Gen. Harrison.

Hoping that you will continue to fight the rum power on the line now marked out, and at the same time remember the nation's defenders, I remain as ever—E. R. GILLETT.

Several Things Needed.

BURKE, KY.—My opinion is a careful revision of the pension laws necessary to insure justice to all classes of soldiers. The law makes an unjust discrimination between the rank and file in rating pensions for the same degree of disability, there should be none made. Another point that needs rubbing off of the statute-book is that which allows more than one pension to one soldier. If I am totally disabled by one disease or disability, I am just as unable to earn a living by manual labor as if it took two or three disabilities to render me totally disabled. If one is one-half disabled by disease of lungs and one-fourth by rheumatism and a little deaf, he ought not to receive any more than if he were totally disabled by rheumatism; the law in regard to this rating seems to have been made in the interest of claim agents rather than justice to the soldier.

The limitation of the arrears law is unjust and ought to be repealed speedily, so as to do justice to as many old soldiers as possible. There is no justice in compelling a widow to prove that her husband died from effects of disease contracted in the service. There ought to be a service pension law enacted allowing to every honorably discharged soldier or sailor of the late war, or their widow if soldier is dead, a pension of $12 per month. In no other way can justice be done to all classes of soldiers; for, under existing laws, many of the most worthy amongst the preservers of the government are entirely debarred from any aid from the government to help them along in their declining years, made miserable by the pains and aches of four to five years in the service of the nation. It will require some money to right this thing, but Uncle Sam has a surplus in his treasury that has puzzled the wise heads of the nation for some time for a plan of reduction, and, in my judgment, this is the proper solution of the problem. Pay the soldiers of the government liberally, on a just and equitable basis, and thereby reduce the surplus. It will be putting the money in the proper channels.—J. H. G.

The Case Stated.

BUTLER, IND.—Am in favor of service pension. I am also an old soldier of the late war, a member of Co. H, 85th Indiana. I cast my first vote for U. S. Grant, and have been voting the Republican ticket ever since. The bondholders have long since been cared for, and made richer by the hardships of the brave boys that wore the blue. Let me ask the soldier-hating papers, and in fact all those free trade cranks that are so fearful that this Republican administration will give the boys justice, who made it possible that to-day you live in a free and undivided country? Was it not the soldiers who wore blue?

Who was it that left his home and all that was near and dear to him, shouldered his musket, went to the front to fight for a cause that was dearer than all else? Was it not the same boys who now are only asking for their just dues?

Who was it that stood in solid line of battle between you and those who wore the grey, that were trying to throttle this government and smother the life out of those bonds we made good? The boys in blue!

Who was it when Gen. Lee, with all his rebel hosts, crossed the Potomac river and invaded the loyal state of Pennsylvania, that marched day and night under the scorching sun; and then on the hills and in the valleys in and around Gettysburg battled for three days as men never battled before? It was there it took nerves of steel to stand face the months of belching cannon and deadly volleys of musketry; it was there that treason received a shock from which she never recovered: it was the boys whose loyal hearts beat beneath a blue blouse, that only ask at this late day that justice be done them.

I have no fault to find with the way the government has kept its promise with its money lenders. We were a bankrupt nation with a gigantic war on our hands, and needed money. But now, at this late day, after the bondholders and all other public and private war claims have been amicably settled, is it not time that Congress, elected by the boys that were in 1861 and are to-day the backbone and mainspring of this mighty nation, would get down to honest business, and give every man a pension who shouldered a musket and went to the front were the primary cause of making this the greatest nation on earth. I am in favor of a service pension for every man that has or did have an honorable discharge. Comrades, come to the front as you did in days of the war; ask for your rights in a manly way, not as beggars, and victory is sure; all we ask is justice—we want nothing more, and will be content with nothing less.—D. D. D.

You can make a large sum of money at work for us in your own locality. During the past few years, those who have thus worked have received over Five Millions of dollars for their services—more than a barrel of money. We want a few more workers at once. The work is easy, pleasant, adapted to both young and old of either sex. You can work all the time or in your spare time only. Any one can do the work after studying our directions for a day or two. This is the chance of a lifetime for those who apply at once. Any one anywhere can earn $2 to $20 per day—it is all clear profit. Great workers, under the most favorable conditions, earn $20 a day and upwards. No class of people in the world are making so much money, without capital, as those at work for us. Whatever you have done, or whatever you may do, you should look into this royal chance. You will find that you can easily make all that we claim, and more. If you write to us before we secure all the workers we need, we will lay all before you FREE. Better write before you read, and then if you conclude not to go to work, or if we cannot employ you, no harm is done. Every one of our workers makes big money. TRUE & CO., BOX 146, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

A TEMPERANCE TALE.

Judge.

"HA, HA! A MILK-PUNCH."

"WE'RE ALL RIGHT."

"DAZZLE-DAZZLE."

"OH, MY!"

"LET'S GO HOME."

PROHIBITIONISTS.

"OLD WAR SONGS."

NUMBER XLVIII.

"I'SE GWINE BACK TO DIXIE,"

I'se gwine back to Dixie,
No more I'se gwine to wander,
My heart's turned back to Dixie,
I can't stay here no longer;
I miss de ole plantation,
My hopes and my relation,
My heart's turned back to Dixie,
And I must go.

CHORUS—I'se gwine back to Dixie,
I'se gwine back to Dixie,
I'se gwine where the orange blossoms grow,
For I hear the children calling,
I see their sad tears falling,
My heart's turned back to Dixie,
And I must go.

I've hoed in fields of cotton,
I've worked upon de river;
I used to think if I got off
I'd go back there, no, never,
But time has changed de ole man,
His head is trembling slow,
His heart's turned back to Dixie,
And he must go.

I'm travelling back to Dixie,
My step is slow and feeble,
I pray the Lord to help me,
And lead me from all evil,
And should my strength forsake me,
Then, kind friends, come and take me;
My heart's turned back to Dixie,
And I must go.

CURRENT COMMENT.

In the Soup.

Philadelphia Times.

The dude and the fair dudine
Both have their use in the world,
For without the two where were cigarettes,
Or the dogs whose tails are curled?

What it Means.

Washington Post.

"'Tis ten P. M.!" the girl exclaimed,
Yet unless did it prove,
He didn't seem to understand
That P. M. meant "Please move."

A Crying Need Everywhere.

Philadelphia Press.

Pennsylvania needs polling place reform even more than it needs ballot reform. The old vicious practice of holding the polls in liquor saloons has fallen into comparative disuse.

Similitude.

When some engorged majority
Against all precincts rolls;
The candidate is like the earth,
For he's flattened at the polls.
—(Philadelphia Press.

Where the Remedy Lies.

Boston Journal.

The difficulty which the Western farmers are experiencing is temporary only. Free trade would aggravate rather than help it. The remedy lies in a diversification of crops and a more careful study of market conditions.

A Successful Combination.

Rings, pools, trusts, combines, monopolies—call them what you will—they are fast increasing throughout the length and breadth of this country. Legislators denounce them and newspapers attack them, but still they seem to flourish. It is gratifying, however, to note that there is at least one combination in this country that meets with the approval of the public, especially of farmers. It is composed, not of individuals, but of the following quartet of harvesting machines: Deering Binder, Deering Light Binder, Deering Giant Mower, and New Deering Mower.

TIRELESS TALKERS.

It is woman sphere that makes her afraid of a mouse.

The man who has once run squarely up against a woman's wont knows something of the nature of a woman's will.—[Somerville Journal.

When should women marry? is a question that was recently discussed. A cynical editor answers: "When they get a chance.—[Wheeling Register.

A woman in California has married a man named Young, fifty years her senior. But a woman will do almost anything to appear young.—[Yonkers Statesman.

A Good Deal of Difference.

"They say Chappie is subject to fits?"

"From what I've seen of Chappie's imported clothes, he's subject to misfits."—[Chatter.

Publishers' Column.

OUR "TEA SET" OFFER.

The Blade tea set, of which an advertisement will be found elsewhere, is not a toy tea set, but the pieces are all of full size. The shape and pattern are exclusive for THE BLADE. The material is of the best grade of American-made ironstone china. The decoration is in the style now so fashionable, and as good as can be found anywhere. There are eighty pieces in the set, as follows: 12 breakfast plates, 12 tea plates, 12 cups, 12 saucers, 12 fruit (or sauce) dishes, 12 "individual" butter dishes, 2 cake plates, a teapot and cover, a sugar bowl and cover, a cream pitcher and a bowl.

The Toilet Set.

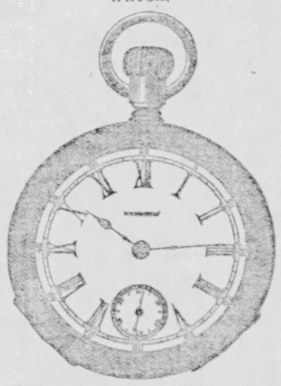
The toilet set is of the same kind of ware. It consists of twelve pieces, ordinary size of such articles. This set consists of a large water pitcher and wash-basin, slop-jar and cover, chamber and cover, soap dish, drainer and cover, small pitcher for drinking water, mug and vase. They are packed, each set in a box, and shipped direct from the factory to the purchaser, upon our order. The box can go by freight or express, but the charges are lighter by freight, though it takes longer for it to come.

Read the advertisement and note the remarkably easy terms upon which you can obtain either of these. The conditions there given are the *only* ones on which you can get them. There never was a more useful and valuable premium given with any paper than these. THE BLADE has never made as good an offer, save on the sewing machine.

THE BLADE COOK STOVE.

The Blade cook stove is a No. 8—the ordinary family size. The cut gives a good idea of its appearance. Such a stove usually retails at from $16 to $20. This is a *good* stove, well made, of good material and latest design; very convenient in all its parts; handsomely finished; burns wood or coal. No one be afraid to order for fear the stove is but a catchpenny affair; THE BLADE can not afford to send out an article not as good as represented. It is as good a stove, in all respects, as you can buy anywhere at retail, for 30 per cent more than we ask for it. Parties ordering stoves should be particular to state whether they wish to use wood or coal, as we send the grates for either, but not for both. If the fuel is not named, we always send a coal burner. Of course, wood can be burned in it, but it is better to have the wood-grate in. If ordered afterward, it will cost 75 cents and the freight. Don't hesitate to accept our cook-stove offer. You will find it all we have represented it to be.

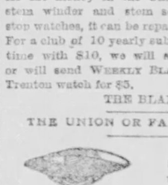
THE WEEKLY BLADE AND TRENTON WATCH.



The demand for a better grade of watch than heretofore supplied with THE BLADE, has forced us to discard the watches recently offered with THE BLADE at $4.00 and $4.25, and look for something better. After a careful investigation we have decided to use the Trenton watch, which is, without doubt, the best watch for the money in the United States. It is a stem winder and stem setter. Unlike other stop watches, it can be repaired by any jeweler. For a club of 10 yearly subscribers sent at one time with $10, we will send this watch free or will send WEEKLY BLADE one year and a Trenton watch for $5.

THE BLADE, TOLEDO, O.

THE UNION OR FAMILY SCALE.



The price of this Scale is $5.00, and we offer with THE WEEKLY BLADE one year for $4.25. Useful in any family. Weighs from ½ oz up to 240 lbs.

These scales are sent by express or freight at the expense of the purchaser. Address

THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

THE BLADE'S PORTRAIT GALLERY.

We have published ten different portrait which we offer to our readers at a price that will enable all to decorate their homes cheaply and well, viz:—

MILITARY HEROES—Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Logan.

RELIGIOUS HEROES—Charles Wesley, John Calvin and Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage.

EMINENT MEN—Robert Lincoln.

These portraits are all printed upon heavy plate paper, size 19 by 24 inches, just the size for framing for the parlor or sitting room, and good enough for any house in the land. They are all exquisite works of art, and are certain to give satisfaction. We pack them securely in pasteboard tubes and send them postpaid at the following prices:

Any one portrait	$ 25
The three divines	50
The four generals	65
The entire set of seven	1 00

Agents can do a good thing for themselves selling these pictures. Special rates made known upon application. Address

BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

CELEBRATED PICTURES AT POPULAR PRICES.

Some months ago THE BLADE inaugurated a scheme of supplying, at a very low price, copies or reproductions of the most celebrated paintings of the world. That this scheme has been appreciated by the readers of THE BLADE is evidenced by the fact that we have sold many thousands, and purchasers of one of the set are sure to become subscribers to the balance of the series. These pictures are printed on heavy plate paper, size about 22x28. They are printed in rich tints, by a new photo-etching process, and are beautiful reproductions of the celebrated paintings whose names they bear. Art stores retail these pictures at from 50 cents to $1 each. We send them postpaid by mail in heavy pasteboard tube at *only* 25 cents each. When framed they are fine enough for anybody's house, and the price so low that everybody may get an idea of the grand paintings they represent. We shall add to our list from time to time. The following we now have on hand:

Christ in the Temple. By Hoffman. Representing Christ at 12 years of age in the Temple, in the midst of the doctors, both hearing and asking them questions. "And all that heard him were astonished at his understanding and answers."

The Horse Fair. By Rosa Bonheur. The most wonderful painting of horses ever produced. "This is a well known subject and needs no description.

The Angelus. By Jean Francois Millet. Just ready. The first published. A photo etching of "The Angelus," the celebrated painting for which an American recently paid, during sale all over $150,000. Printed on heavy plate paper; size 24x38.

Either or all of above pictures sent postpaid by mail for 25 cents each. Address

THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

How to Marry Well

is the title of an instructive article in the MARCH number of

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

Another good article by MARION HARLAND, ENTITLED

A PRACTICAL VIEW OF MARRIAGE,

will interest young ladies and prove of sound value.

TALK WITH MOTHERS

By Eminent Physicians and Specialists of New York, Philadelphia and Boston.

As an experiment, and to introduce it into your family, it is offered on trial from now to July 1st, 1890, on receipt of only 25 cents.

THIS OFFER IS FOR MARCH.

On the news stands, 10 CENTS A COPY.

CURTIS PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia.

Blade Tea Set.

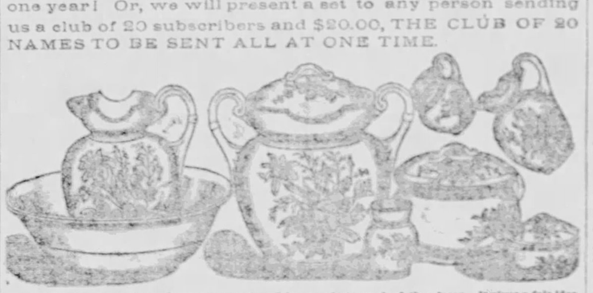
Eighty pieces, handsomely decorated, in colors and gold band. Only $7.50 for this Elegant China Tea Set and the Weekly BLADE, one year! or we will present a set to any person sending us a club of 15 subscribers and $15.00, THE CLUB OF 15 NAMES ALL TO BE SENT AT ONE TIME.

We have contracted with the largest pottery in the United States to make for us a large quantity of Blade Tea Sets of Special designs and decorations. In so large purchases as we make for cash we have secured the lowest prices in the world for such goods, and at the same time we require the finest quality of material, the best grade of workmanship, and the most artistic design of form and decoration. Twenty years ago none but the most wealthy could afford such a set as we here offer, but now we propose to place them within the reach of every reader of the BLADE.

The set is made up as follows: 12 dinner plates, 12 tea plates, 12 cups, 12 saucers, 12 fruit dishes, 12 butter dishes, 2 round cake plates, 1 tea pot and cover, 1 sugar bowl and cover, 1 cream pitcher and 1 bowl. These goods are carefully packed in box by manufacturer, and shipped upon order direct to the purchaser, who pays the freight or express charges. Of course, the nearer you live to Toledo, the less the expense is lighter. The receiver pays transportation. We think a little over $1.00 will pay freight to any point east of the Mississippi, while it may require from this to $2.00 to cover a set beyond the Mississippi. We state these goods are not rated by the local, but by the jobbing trade. We know the material, enamel, style and decoration to be superior to foreign goods that retail for twice the amount we ask for these. Never was so handsome a set offered for so little money. We make no profit. We want to encourage clubs. Most any energetic person can raise a club of 15 subscribers to the BLADE in a day or two.

A Decorated Toilet or Chamber Set.

Twelve large pieces, richly decorated in colors and gold only $10 for this elegant Chamber Set and Weekly BLADE, one year! Or, we will present a set to any person sending us a club of 20 subscribers and $20.00, THE CLUB OF 20 NAMES TO BE SENT ALL AT ONE TIME.



The illustrations given above are reproduced from a photograph of the pieces. It gives a fair idea of shape, but, of course, does not show the beauty of the ware or decorations.

The Chamber Set is made up as follows: 1 ewer, 1 basin, 1 month ewer, 1 chamber and cover, 1 soap dish and cover, 1 mug, 1 vase and 1 slop jar.

We are now ready to fill orders promptly. Address,

THE BLADE, TOLEDO, O.

BLADE COOK STOVE.

BURNS WOOD OR COAL.

WITH TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE, ONE YEAR, ONLY $12.00,

We have contracted with the largest manufacturer for a special pattern Cook Stove, of which the above is a fair representation. It is a small cast iron stove, 18 inches high, 12 inches wide, 12 inches deep, extra heavy, with full nickel trimmings, burns soft or hard coal or wood. Mounted with outside oven shelf, warming closet, shoot and cast iron damper, position free back for sack coal. Size number 8, which is the ordinary family size and which we send in connection with the BLADE, weighs 220 lbs. We can supply size number 9, if desired. Write us for price. The manufacturers pack these stoves ready for shipping, on our order, and deliver free on board cars here. The receiver only pays the freight. Stores get third more and the freight is a small item, perhaps not over 50 or 60 cents for 500 or 600 miles. We do not offer the stoves for a profit, but for the purpose of increasing the circulation of the WEEKLY BLADE. Stoves of this grade retail in any hardware store at from $15 to $20. Remember, we ask only $12.00 for the stove and WEEKLY BLADE one year. Or, we will send the stove free to any one sending us a club of 10 yearly subscribers to the WEEKLY BLADE, all at one time, with $10.

ADDITIONAL INFORMATION.—Size No. 8 stove oven, with WEEKLY BLADE one year, $12.00. We require four yearly subscriptions to the WEEKLY BLADE and $8 for a No. 9 stove, free. Reservoir, $1.00 extra, for either size stove; warming closet, $2.00 extra for either stove. When ordering a stove please say whether you burn wood or coal, in order that we may put in proper kind of grate before shipment.

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AU

The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON . . . . EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

POOR MRS. BESSAMER.

She Will Entertain Though It Costs a World of Worry.

MRS BESSAMER was in despair.

She was going to give an entertainment. It would cost money, a good deal of it, looked at from the standpoint of their circumstances, and yet it was a necessity that was absolute.

"It must be done Harry," she groaned, "but how are we to manage it?"

"I don't see why you must do a thing which is going to make you so much trouble," replied Mr. Bessamer, leaning back in his chair and folding his napkin with the exasperating deliberation that men sometimes employ when their wives are tossed upon a tempestuous sea of social anxieties.

"That's because you don't understand in the least what is demanded of you, if you want to keep your place in society. You've got to entertain now and then, or by and by, you will find yourself out in the cold."

"Well, what is to hinder you from entertaining?" queried her husband.

"There you are, Harry, the most provoking man. You said last night that we must cut down expenses, and I cannot give any kind of a party, luncheon, or reception without it costing ever so much. And how *are* we going to manage it,' and she ended the sentence with another groan.

"Now *see* here, Jennie, being a man, as you say, I am not a very good judge of these matters, but it seems to me that a hospitality which is offered with that sort of feeling is no hospitality at all, and it would be wise to let it alone. I can't see though, why you need make it cost so much to invite your friends in occasionally."

"Well, there are dollars upon dollars for flowers to trim the rooms with, in the first place; and we must have nice table decorations; and I wouldn't try to entertain without some sort of delicacy which is different from what everybody else has had—that is what they are trying to do now, get something new—then there are the favors and all of the rest of the things. Oh, it will cost, Heaven knows how much, but it won't do not to entertain this season."

A few moments' silence succeeded. Jennie's little foot tapped the floor nervously, while Harry puffed his cigar with a thoughtful face.

"I'll tell you how it seems to me, little woman," he said at last. "This inviting one's friends because you think you must, and not at all for the pleasure it will give them or you, and then making a burden of it in the way you are doing is an outrage upon hospitality. And, as near as I can get at it, the trouble will all come from trying to do just as other people do with two or three times as much money as you have. Couldn't you ask friends to visit you without making a conservatory of your rooms? Couldn't you give them some good, plain refreshments, without all of this furbelow and fussing, even if it shouldn't be quite as beautiful and elegant? I tell you, Jennie, you women wear yourselves out, trying to keep a place in society; and Harry got up, mentally congratulating himself that he was a man, and didn't have to fret his soul out with such worries. True, he would have to see that the bills his wife's entertainment would bring were paid, and that might bother him a little, but that was nothing compared to the weariness of trying to keep up with Mrs. A or Mrs. B in social matters.

When he was gone Mrs. Bessemer set herself about her duties, conscious all of the time of a vague feeling of worry which made itself felt even when her thought had entirely left its mainspring. That she must invite company, that she must strain every nerve to make it as fine, in its way, as any other which had been given that season, that it would cost so much that she would be cramped in every way in consequence, were fixed facts to her understanding, and she did not even dream that there could be any other way to do. As for Harry, he was very wise about some things, but his suggestion was simply ridiculous. What would her social position be if she did that sort of thing?

Poor Mrs. Bessamer!

There are a good many Mrs. Bessamers in this world. In fact I think sometimes that we are all more or less nearly related to her. To do a thing, or, not to do it? The question is too often decided, not by what is right or even what is expedient but by what others in "our set" or "the set" just beyond us that we are striving to enter, are doing. It does not seem to matter if they have ten dollars where we have ten cents, whatever way they discharge their social duties makes the law for us.

"Marry because you have drunk with the King, And the King hath so graciously pledged you, You shall no more be called shoemakers,"

runs the old lines, and there is a lurking satire in them which aptly applies to this mad effort of imitation, this flocking like sheep after a leader, and trying to walk in exactly the same pathway.

Poor Mrs. Bessamer!

Does she for one moment imagine that her social world does not know the depth of her purse and what makeshifts she will be obliged to resort to in order to make up for such expenditure? Does she not know—alas, that human nature is so very human—that the very individuals whose admiration and friendship she is so anxious to win, will, in nine cases out of ten, look, admire and enjoy, then go away and laugh at her folly. Not openly always, for there are those, happily, who believe in and obey the law that accepted hospitality renders the entertainer sacred from harsh criticism, but they will think, and "thoughts are things" of power.

Poor Mrs. Bessamer!

She has no independence, no individuality. If her representative social leaders should string their houses with paper balls, she would ransack the city for similar adornments. If, perchance, she has some daring, she may substitute red for blue, and blue for red, but paper balls it must be, should she be compelled to sacrifice her husband's Sunday suit in order to see them swing. She must keep her place in society.

Poor Mrs. Bessamer!

She is a slave. Does she like something in the way of dress or adornment, that is not the latest "cut," for her life she does not dare make an expression of this liking in her person least she be pronounced "vulgar" and "ages behind the fashion," And how could she endure to make herself singular by differing from those whose wealth and leisure enable them to follow the variations and freaks of the stylish "four hundred?"

Poor Mrs. Bessamer! You are to be pitied!

Did it never occur to you that there may be something outside of what you call society and social position that is worth having? Did you ever stop to measure the space which fashion and show occupy in the thoughts of those who are about to put off the mortal for the immortal? Did you never imagine that there may be tranquil pleasures to be enjoyed in your own home, that will add to your mental and moral growth infinitely more than any social triumphs which you may enjoy, if these are to be won at the expense of health and comfort, and of all true individuality? You are straining at a gnat, and the best thing you can do is to give up "straining," cultivate independence, enjoy what of social pleasures you can without too great a sacrifice of real good, and try to be happy, even though the pink teas, and the blue teas, and the yellow teas lose the sight of your now familiar, but of times troubled, face.

Poor Mrs. Bessamer!

I fear me much that you with the rest of us, will go right on in your troubled ways, agonizing less you may not in all respects receive the approval of the "four hundred" of your social world. Alas! the pity of it!

Emily S. Bouton.

A CHIMNEY RECESS.

Of course, in my case, the services of a carpenter were not required, but should any member of the HOUSEHOLD desire to materialize my bit of mind-furnishing, it might be necessary to enlist the services of one for a short time. To make a recess look as my friend did, when I had completed my mental gymnastics, it would be well to bear in mind the following suggestions: Having supplied yourself with four rather broad shelves, have them fitted to your recess in such a way that the upper one shall be considerably above the line of your mantel, if that be low, or a little below it, if it be high. The lower shelf should be placed a few inches from the floor, to admit of a moulding in front. The second shelf, eighteen inches above the first, is destined to be curtained by some pretty shade of plush or silk, thus furnishing a most convenient receptacle for music, magazines, views, etc. The third shelf, placed at a height of fourteen inches above the second, should be divided by partitions into three sections; one-half the space being devoted to center portion, and one-fourth at each end. The space below the top shelf of the cabinet is to be divided into three equal parts by upright partitions, the nooks thus formed to be painted throughout in Indian red. Finish the edges of the shelves with a molding of Lincrusta-Walton, which, when colored, has the effect of finely-carved wood. In the white central division of the cabinet arrange several pretty pieces of bric-a-brac, with books in the corner compartments.

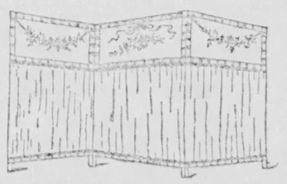
Reverse this arrangement on the shelf above, having graceful vases, or odd pieces of china at each side, with books in the central division, protected by a little plush curtain hung upon a rod. The top of the case should be painted with the same colors as the Lincrusta molding, and when perfectly dry, should be sandpapered and varnished. Now, if you will stand a tall jar or ornament and a few pieces of bric-a-brac upon this upper shelf, and hang over it a pretty picture, draped with a bright scarf, I think you will admit that your chimney recess has been much improved.

Any corner may be treated in much the same way, using, of course, three-cornered shelves.

FANCY WORK AND HOUSE DECORATION.

A PRETTY SCREEN.—This screen is intended more particularly for a bedroom, but it is quite pretty enough to look well in a cottage parlor. In the regal surroundings common to elegant city drawing rooms it might look too simple, but in any other position it is very attractive.

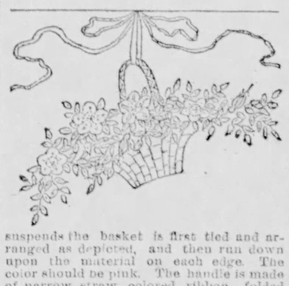
The basis of the screen is a small nursery clothes horse, about 36 inches high, and with as narrow folds as can be found in



the ready-made article. The wood is to be painted a delicate pink, with prepared enamel paint, and the upper story, where the plain panels are to be placed, have wide cross stripes put on with silver paint; or, if better suited to individual taste, the wood may be ebonized and ornamented with gilt cross lines. In that case a different scheme of color must be adopted for the decorations and drapery, as the tints used on the model will be too light.

From the bottom cross rail to the next one is stretched pink India silk, gathered at the top and bottom and secured with small fixture tacks.

A BASKET OF FLOWERS.—The basket of flowers shown in the cut is taken from French panels of the Louis XVI. period. Most of the work is done with ribbons. The basket itself is cut from stiff letter paper covered with straw colored ribbon woven in and out. It is then applied to the scrim which is used for the upper panel. If the color used is fine silk, the basket can be hemmed down on the edge invisibly. The knot of ribbon which



suspends the basket is first tied and arranged as depicted, and then run down upon the material on each edge. The color should be pink. The handle is made of narrow straw colored ribbon, folded back and forth, something like tape trimming, and sewed down flatly.

The flowers and leaves are made with soft cigar ribbon, as that style of decorative ribbon is called. First the pattern is faintly traced or parts of it indicated on the material, then the ribbons are threaded into a darning-needle and pushed through the scrim in the center of each rose. Each petal takes two loops, an outside one of light pink, the inside one a deeper shade of the same. The ribbon is carried through from wrong to right side, then the needle is pushed through to the back at nearly the same point where it went in. The loop left on the right side is formed into as near a petal shape as possible, and caught into position by stitches taken invisibly with fine silk threaded into another needle.

After the petals of a flower are formed, a little paper disk is covered with palest yellow ribbon laid in the center and held down by long stitches crossed and recrossed with yellow embroidered silk. French knots, worked with silk, encircle the central disk in each flower. The leaves are made of olive green ribbon, one loop sufficing for a leaf. The stems are a wire of single stem-stitching done with green silk. The buds are made with a loop of pink showing between a loop of green opening in the center. A few spiky stitches of embroidery silk at the top of each bud gives a more natural look.

The basket may be repeated on each panel, or the same kind of flowers and leaves can be arranged like a festoon on the two outside panels.

This French ribbon work now growing greatly into favor is really very easy after a little practice. The pattern does not have to be stamped, as for embroidery, only a few lines and dots being needed to show where figures should go.

On the back of the decorated upper panels of the screen, short, scantily gathered curtains of pink or white material are put on to hide the wrong side of the work.—MRS. M. C. HUNGERFORD.

KNITTING AND CROCHETING.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind: t t o, throw thread over; b, bind: o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; el ch st, close chain stitch; d ch st, double chain stitch; p, picot: r c, ribbed crochet: c t st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch: o sh st, open shell stitch; tr, treble; sh c, short crochet.

LADIES' MITTEN.—One ounce of Berlin wool. The number of stitches cast on must be a multiple of seven. For a hand that wears a 6½ glove cast on 42 stitches. First row—plain; 2d row—k 1—o—k 3—o—k 1—p 2—repeat; 3d row—k 3——k 1—o—k 3—p 2—repeat; 4th row—sl 1 nit 1—draw sl st o—k 5—n—p 2—repeat; 5th row—sl 1—k 1—draw sl st o—k 3—n—p 2—repeat. Knit this long enough for wrist. Carry three fancy stripes down the back. Knit what is on two needles plain, until it is two inches long, then take fifteen stitches on one needle for the thumb. Knit one row and purl one row till you have knitted fifteen rows. Divide the fifteen on to three needles, make two stitches on the fourth needle, and knit round and round till the thumb is long enough. Narrow in the usual way. Pick up fifteen stitches on the edge of the thumb and knit on two needles. Proceed same as before the thumb was commenced. When long enough, narrow in the usual way. This makes a very pretty mitten, also a very nice Bathing one, and there is no widening for the thumb in this pattern.—MARY.

JERSEY LACE.—No. 60 ecru cotton in balls. Very fine needle. Chain 18. First row—1 tr in the 6th st—ch 2—1 tr in same—ch 2—1 tr in same—this forms a group of 3 trs separated by 2 ch—* —miss 2—1 tr in next—ch 2—1 tr in same—ch 2—1 tr in same—this forms a second group*—repeat from star to star until there are 5 groups altogether—ch 7; 2d row—1 d c between the 1st and 2d trs—ch 2—1 d c between the next 2 trs—ch 3—repeat each group, in order to make 10 of these ches—the last d c is placed in the 3d of the ch at the end; 3d row; ch 5—*—sk the 1st ch of 3—make 3 tr separated by 2 ch in the next*—repeat from star to star—there must always be 5 of these groups in 1 row and 10 of the chs of 3 of the next row—alternate in this way from ch 7—repeating the 2d and 3d rows, to make any length desired.—MRS. L. H., Pittsfield, Mass.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SOME USEFUL INFORMATION.—I. J. Mc. asks what will destroy little black flies which makes worms in the earth around house-plants? Kill the worms and there will be no flies. Put a piece of lime, size of an egg, into a quart of water, let it stand until the water is clear, then turn off, throw away the lime and use the water to water the plants with. Do not put it on the foliage, only on the earth. I like the Excelsior fertilizer very much as it not only kills the worms but makes the plants bloom finely.

TO "A Lover of Flowers," pinch the tops of your geraniums out any time when they require it, but remember that when you pinch out the tops there will be no flowers until the new branches are large enough to bloom, yet an ill-shaped plant can never be a joy to its possessor. And now I want to tell all the flower cultivators about my asters. Last season they were admired by all who saw them, and it will soon be time to sow seeds for this season's flowers. I had a large and handsome variety of mixed colors. There were the Perfection aster with their large flowers, the petals long and in curved; and the Victoria asters, very double and flat, petals re-curved; and Globe asters looking like balls; and New Rose and Diamond asters, flowers small, but very pretty; and Bouquet asters, the plants so dwarfed that the lower flowers are close to the ground; and Imbrique Pompon asters, and Chrysanthemum asters, and Washington asters, the largest aster now in cultivation. The flowers on many of my plants were five inches in diameter and of pretty colors.

One favorite variety of mine is the Crown asters. The center of the flower is pure white, margined with large flat petals, carmine, blue, violet, scarlet and pink. Besides the beds of mixed colors I had the Victoria in pure white and peach blossom pink. These I grow in quantities for cut flower work and they are very nice for such work. From the mixed buds I cut for bouquets.

To grow nice asters start the seeds early in a box in the house, or in a hot bed, if you have one. Do not let the plants grow so thick together that they will be what the florists call "drawn," that is tall, slender and therefore weak. Always give them plenty of room to grow in. If the seeds come up too thick transplant part of them to another box, and when the weather is warm enough set the plants in the ground where they are to bloom. The aster has been so improved in the past few years that people who have only the old China aster would hardly recognize the new varieties as asters. Try a bed of some of the new double asters this season.—FRANCES B., Box 126, West Branch, Mich.

ABOUT OLD CLOTHES.—I like "country housekeeper's" mat so well, I think I shall make one like it, and if she cares to "swop patterns" with me, I'll tell her how I made mine. I ripped up the old garments that fell to my share, for many of them had deep seams, and the cloth was less worn near the seams. Then I washed every inch of it in good hot suds, and rinsed in hot water, and pressed out while damp. A good deal of trouble for old clothes! I know it. But my material was cleaned, brightened, and freed from all the stains and odors pertaining to previous use. Having several colors and shades, I cut out a leaf shape, with a large scolloped, sharp pinking-iron. A little practice will enable one to do that part quickly and well, and when the leaves were ready they were sewed to the foundation as are C. H.'s. I think it rather pretty.

No need to suggest the making of little jackets and trowsers of the better materials, that is a branch of utility only too well known. But if cut in gores, it sometimes makes the cutest little petticoats ever seen. They can be lined and quilted with bright silks, and finished on the bottom with a crocheted edge, plaited ribbon or pink strip to match either skirt or stitching. One of the prettiest and jauntiest jackets I ever had was made from a laid-aside overcoat. It was of finest, softest broadcloth, and needed only to be ripped, sponged with water and ammonia and pressed with a moderately hot iron. Plenty of material and no piecing. I saw a pair of "overcoats" not long since that seemed a pretty good illustration of how such goods may be utilized. They were rather heavy cloth, lined with Farmer's satin, wadded and quilted; they came up over the knee, were fitted over the usual shoe, buttoned at side, and had rubber heel and sole, and fitted well. The idea was taken from "Jennie's" pretty home-made shoes.

Ah! be we may, girls, how many of you ever sat down and deliberately ripped up a man's coat? If you have not had that experience just try it the first chance you have. If you are not a good deal surprised and a little disgusted, I miss my guess. The quantity of buckram, French canvas, hair cloth, wadding, (and, well, linings) that will be found between lining and outside, will forever set at rest the "wonder why a man's coat sets just so!" Just make a note of every bit, and the next time a "lord of creation" remarks on the vanity and folly of women as pertaining to use of "aids to beauty," mildly suggest a search for the beam in his own eye and continue to look just as pretty as you can, so long as you don't injure your health.

I am glad high housekeeping is so much in favor nowadays. Work is a panacea for many ills, when with the head, heart and muscles well filled out, there is little chance and less inclination for brooding over inevitable hardships. It is one of the most cheerful features of the HOUSEHOLD that so many of the sisters tell us how they "gathered up the fragments," and make even shreds and patches fall into line for further easy doing. So gain we comfort, and self commendation.—MRS. MARIA.

DAHLIAS.—It will soon be time to sow seeds for early spring flowers. Dahlia bulbs are rather expensive, but a fine bed of flowers may be had from a dime's worth of seeds; and plants from seeds bloom earlier than those from the bulbs. The seeds are large and look like Zinnia seeds. I sent some to a lady in New York last spring, and she returned them with a note, saying she had plenty of Zinnia seeds and did not care for more. Sow the seeds in a hot bed or in a box in the house, and transplant to the open ground after danger of frosts. When they bloom all single sorts which are not pretty, (for seeds from double flowers will not produce all double flowering plants) can be pulled up and thrown away.

There is a variety of single flowered Dahlias which are as lovely as lady double flower. The petals of the flowers are of a rich velvety texture, beautifully striped and spotted. I always save the seeds separate from the double sorts. The variety called "Snow Queen," I have raised from seed several seasons. There is a new variety of Dahlia called the Cactus Dahlia. It is double, but quite different from the old double sorts. They can be raised from seed also. I have lovely scarlet and white ones from seed last season. I have a fine collection of Dahlias now, over fifty varieties, and the most of them have been obtain from seeds. I take the bulbs up in the fall and keep them in dry sand. Seeds sown in March will produce flowers in June.—FRANCES B., Box 126, West Branch, Mich.

INQUIRIES.

If any of the readers of THE BLADE have any cross stitch embroidery patterns which they will send me, I will be much obliged.—OLIVIA BEDELL, Big Rapids, Mich.

Will some tell us the easiest way to get rid of bed bugs?—E. J. C.

Will some one send me a few garden and flower seeds? Would like gourd seeds of any kind, "Dishrag" gourd seeds especially, and instructions as to culture.—BERTHA E. JOHNSON, Del Ray, Iroquois county, Ill.

Will some one tell how to color white-wash blue?—ZELA.

Will some one send directions for knitting kneeto child's stocking?—MADGE.

Will the sister who said she had pattern for a substitute for a corset, kindly tell me where I can get the same? I will pay postage. And will some member of the HOUSEHOLD give me a recipe for pickling pork for summer use? I wish to pickle hams, sides and shoulders, the meat to remain in the pickle all summer.—MOUNTAINEER.

The Editor thanks "Mountaineer," and other correspondents who have expressed such kind wishes for her.—ED.

How should an author proceed to have a piece of music published in sheet form?

Will some one who lives in the state of Oregon, California and Washington, or in any of the northwest territories, write to me about the schools? Any information about wages, length of term, etc. Address S. M. SCROGGIN, Wichita, Kan.

Will some Western or Southern reader of THE BLADE send me a pair of "Buffalo," or Texas cattle horns? Dark ones preferred, and I will gladly return postage.—ANNA CHALFANT, South Bend, Indiana.

Will some of the HOUSEHOLD tell me how to make potato salad from fresh potatoes; also how to make veal and oyster salad, and how to mak stuffing for eggs?—GREEN HORN.

Do any of the farmers living in Missouri or Illinois know of some one who has a farm to rent or lease? We would like to have house, team and tools furnished, and are able to attend to a farm and give satisfaction on these terms.—Address Miss J. L. REAGAN, Glidden, Ashland County, Wis.

I would like to learn the address of some school for the purpose of educating nurses. If some one will give me the desired information I will be greatly obliged. —MRS. G. H. BOGETT, Girard, Erie County, Pa.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

I would like to say to THE BLADE sisters who sent to me for the Balsam apple seed (some 230 in all), that I complied with every request where a stamped envelope was enclosed, or its equivalent in stamps. A few sent the next year, but not having any seed to spare I reserved envelopes and have now forwarded the same. Many thanks to those who so kindly remembered me for my time and trouble. I have something like a hundred of lace patterns and recipes, all tested ones. I will send to THE BLADE if desired. I have all, or nearly all, that have appeared in the HOUSEHOLD for the past five years.—RETTA CARPENTER.

We shall be glad to have them.—[ED.

Mrs. William F. Kortright, of Amherst, Col., writes that she cannot answer any more requests for Cacti, or petrified wood, before spring. She desires to thank all who sent her anything in return, and will be glad if those who neglected to send postage for specimens, would do so at once.

When requesting a person to send specimens, or information, you should invariably send postage as soon as you learn what it will amount to, if you do not send it with your request, and never fail to acknowledge receipt of letters or favors sent you.—[ED.

L. J. Fulton, Akron, Mich. Write to our regular art correspondent, Mrs. E. S. L. Thompson, 508 East Jackson street, Muncie, Indiana.

In the recipe for communion bread I notice this mistake: It reads, "1 qt. of new buttermilk," when it should read, "1 qt. of sweet milk."—READER.

"ANXIOUS WORKER.—Do not allow the child any fruits after noon, and before retiring give about ½ teaspoonful of cooking soda in teacupful of water. The trouble is probably occasioned by acidity. I have had a similar experience, and this was a complete success.—C. W. B.

MRS. L. Schooler wishes to know how to have a soft crust on her right bread. My way is to throw a cloth over a pan—place my bread on the cloth when hot from the oven and put it where the wind will blow on it; it is just as well to place it in a very cold place. Never wrap it up, as the cloth absorbs the moisture and leaves the crust dry and hard. I am in my 72d year and never have a crust I cannot chew with the few old teeth I have.—S. M. W.

MRS. W. H. D.: Miss Bouton's Fancy Work and House Decoration," (third number) contains all the information you desire, and will be sent you on receipt of price—25 cents.—ED.

Will you please tell me which is correct, ox team or oxen team?—MARY E. CHAFEE, Palermo, N. Y.

Ox team is correct.—ED.

I will gladly give information to climate, soil and natural resources of this part of Nebraska, for a limited time, to any one sending a stamped and self-addressed envelope.—MAGGIE L. BAIRD, Mount Clare, P. O., Nuckolls county, Neb.

If those wishing to cleanse silks would use gasoline they would find its purifying qualities something wonderful.—FANNY A. PIPPIN, Sonoma, Mich.

"Western Kansas" writes: "I have spent much time and money to learning to paint, in order to help to support my family. Where we now live, there are none who are able to give me orders or to take lessons, but they are able to give me all of their old "ladies," "tin-plates," etc., and say, 'Mrs. H., I want you to paint this for me, just anything you wish to; you do paint so well, and I will do as much for you some time.' When I need to ask assistance of any of them, they are never backward about asking full pay, in money, for all they do. How can I help myself? I do not wish to be un-neighborly, but it is really becoming unendurable."

When such requests are made to you, simply say you will do the work for such a sum as you think it will be worth, and if any should take exceptions to this, remind them that paints and brushes cost money, and that your time is of value to you. A little firmness at first will recur a way with annoyance and you will certainly lose nothing, even if you are never again favored with such "orders."—ED.

RECIPES.

BAKED BEANS.—Take one quart of beans, wash them and put on to boil, adding 1 teaspoonful of soda. When par-boiled, turn off the water and put on fresh boiling water, also ¼ pound of salt pork; boil till tender, then add 1 tablespoonful of molasses and salt to your taste. Put all into a stone jar with the salt pork on top and water enough to cover; bake one hour and a half or longer.

BOSTON BROWN BREAD.—2 cupfuls corn meal, 1 cupful rye, 2 cupfuls sour milk, ⅔ cupful molasses, 1 teaspoonful soda and one of salt; steam three hours and bake one hour. ELSIE H.

TOMATO SOUP.—To 1 pt. canned tomatoes or four large raw ones cut up fine, add 1 qt. boiling water and let them boil awhile, then add 1 teaspoonful of soda, when they will foam. Immediately add 1 pt. sweet milk with salt, pepper and plenty of butter. When this boils add 8 small or 2 large crackers rolled fine and serve. MRS. M. H. KAUPP, Odessa, Mo.

FRENCH MUSTARD.—Slice 3 large onions in an earthen vessel, add 1 quart of vinegar. Let it stand three days then drain off the vinegar in a sauce pan; set on the stove, let it come to a boil, then add 2 tablespoonfuls of sugar, 1 tablespoonful of salt, and 1 teaspoonful of black pepper. Take 2 tablespoonfuls of ground mustard and 1 tablespoonful of flour; stir smooth with cold vinegar. Then stir in the boiling hot vinegar; cook 5 minutes and bottle.

ELDERBERRY WINE.—Put the berries in a tub or cask, cover with water and let them stand 5 days. Draw off the juice, strain, and to 4 gallons of juice add 12 lbs. of sugar, ½ lb. of ginger, 2 oz. of cloves, 1 of spice. Let the whole boil ½ an hour, and put in cask. When cold add 1 pint of good yeast, let stand 2 months, draw off and bottle.—MRS. W. C. R.

TO REMOVE MILDEW.—Take either soft or hard soap, rub on the mildew, and sprinkle with table salt; hang out in the hot sun a few days, and if your mildew does not disappear you have not used enough soap and salt.

If the person asking for the recipe, "Money Musk," will send stamped envelope I will send it.—MRS. H. W. ALEXANDER, Millwood, Douglas county, Oregon.

FOR STAINS ON WHITE GOODS.—Oxalic acid dissolved in a little water is very good, but must be washed out immediately and handled carefully, as it is poison.—NELL.

WASHING COMPOUND.—Two lbs. soda ash, ½ lb. borax, ¼ lb. saleoda; powder and mix; 1 tablespoonful to every 4 pails of water in boiler, and soak the clothes in it if desired.—FANNIE BONER.

WHITE FRUIT CAKE.—1 cupful butter, 2 cupfuls sugar, 1 small cupful sweet milk, whites of 5 eggs, 1 grated cocoanut, or 1 lb. dessicated; 1 lb. blanched almonds, chopped fine; 1 lb. citron, cut fine; 3½ cupfuls sifted flour, 3 teaspoonfuls baking powder. Add the fruit the last, well floured. I always bake a little try cake to see if it needs some more flour.

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

LOUP CITY, NEB.	WAMEGO, KAS.
Blanche J Knight	Minnie P Barrett
Emery L Knight	WEATHERBY, MO.
JOHNSTOWN, NEB.	Bertie Johnson
Alice Sheldon	May Johnson
Lee Sheldon	MT. HOPE, NEB.
James Sheldon	Frank S Webster
Maud Sheiden	Charley Horner
ADAMS CENTRE, N. Y.	Rob R Kennedy
George H Nichols	Flora Knight
Charlie W Nichols	Mary Kennedy
Riley E Harrington	Grace Kennedy
NO POSTOFFICE GIVEN.	Jesse D Webster
J W Davis	Nellie Horner
Elias Sheaffer	Libbie Harris
Wm Armstrong	Millie Harris
Carl Brooks	Minnie Horner
Joseph Vigars	Maggie Ryckman
R H Tennant	Bert J Carlisle
Oliver Coblo	Richard Webster
A H Armstrong	Eddie Webster
Rob Magee	John W Harris
Mrs Wm Edinger	Lemuel White
J F Varner	Lewis Harris
H Spencer	John W Ring
Lew Reed	Henry Pickering
Charley Phillips	Wm Pickering

Names this week, 47. Total, 28,936.

The above embraces all names received up to March 7.

For the Young Folks.

HIDE AND SEEK.

BY S. ROXANA WINCE.

"One-ra, ora, ickery Ann;
Fillison, follison, Nicholas, John."
That was the why she counted out,
With a merry laugh, as her fingers ran
O'er the curly head and the cheek of tan,
Till all but one with a gleeful shout,
Ran off to hide in the leafy screen,
Or up in the hay mow, past the beam.

"One-ra, ora, ickery Ann;
Fillison, follison, Nicholas, John,"
Over and over the words were said,
Till all had stood at the chosen base
Of the evergreen with its leaves of lace—
May and Flora, and dumpling Ed,
Sober Charley and blue-eyed Belle,
Grace and Alice, and Su and Dell.

Pale-faced Ida and Omar small,
Gentle Neva and Cassius Hill;
Gertrude, too—twas a gleeful game,
And they scarce could pause when the twilight knell
Was rung by the katy-did's doleful bell;
And too solemn prayer-time came,
When Auntie, her glasses from mantel took,
And read sweet words from the Holy Book.

"One-ra, ora, ickery Ann,
Fillison, Follison, Nicholas, John."
Strange such simple, meaningless rhyme
Should hide by us still through the flow of years,
With a touch of song and a trace of tears
Blending the scenes of the by-gone time
With a pretty form, that is counted out
From the autumn game and the Christmas shout.

SALEM WITCHCRAFT.

Curious Doings in Ye Old Colonial Times.

[Written for THE BLADE Young Folks. Copyrighted 1890.]

OLONIAL Taverns, Inns, Ordinaries and Hostelries were certainly Godseuds to the crushed spirits of the New England freemen; their advent was hailed with delight by all classes, except the clergymen; and within the hospitable walls of the typical tavern, say about the year 1660, the natural character of the new generation, those native born, began to develop itself.

It is not to be wondered at that the tavern became the most popular of the resorts. It was the shelter for the wayfarer,

the common center of the villagers where the gossip of the times was picked up, news exchanged; here political questions were discussed and if an opinion of any sort, even one against the church was uttered it found voice and endorsement in the reliant tavern. The cheer which it dispensed elevated the hearts of the religion ridden people and saved them from a chronic, routine mode of existence. On Sundays, remote villagers dismounted at the old horse-block, walked to the meeting-house and two hours after took a snug corner in the tavern where they would dine from the contents of well-filled saddle bags, drink hot cider and beer.

Here comments were in order over the execution of Charles I.; discussions hot and bitter over Cromwell's protectorship; squabbles innumerable over the establishment of Charles II. monarchy; the abdication of James II.; the advent of William III. and Mary. Here Queen Ann's death was mourned and the first George's ascension rejoiced over, the while the denizen drank confusion to the ministers. They denounced the odious Stamp Act and Parliament taxes; politicians and lawyers watched the glowing embers, where the logger heads were heating mugs of flip and ale; punch flowed to enliven the wits of the jolly roysters; merry dances were held in the great hall, and the music of the fiddle made the vicinity vibrate with joy unbounded.

There was no tea drinking in the early days, chocolate being their temperance beverage; they ate their food with their fingers from a napkin, knives, forks, and even chairs being a luxury.

The tavern keeper or landlord was a power in the land, he was in with the magistrates and helped to make the laws to suit himself. The story of Goodwife Coffyn, a landlady of note, proves that the tavern keeper had friends in court. It seems that she was prosecuted for selling ale at three pence the quart. The law she was supposed to have violated, required that every licensed Ordinary "shall provide good, wholesome beer, four bushels of malt to the hogshead, to be sold at two pence the ale quart." The madame was carried to court in great state and with an air of confidence stood up to answer the charges. She easily proved by witnesses that she put six bushels of malt into her hogshead, and reckoned "as four is to two, so is six to three, I'll have better beer than my neighbors and be paid for it, a fig for the law."

When the town was overrun with hogs, fences were ordered to be erected not less than four feet high, but the tavern keeper

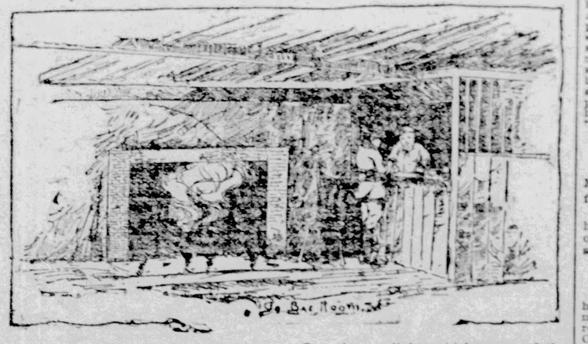
may keep a "double stint of hogs and could build any kind of fence." We can easily understand why these favors were extended to ye landlord when we note an item in the archives to the effect that the town fathers' expenses at the tavern for one season "for good quantity of dinner and licker," was £78.

The potent influence of the tavern was felt by the ministers. They knew full well that the scheme of consciences was an affair of church, while the exercise of the natural instincts, even to the use of jolly adjectives, was a law to their spiritual endeavors; and so it came about that they performed quiet missionary work among the frequenters of the tavern, and as quietly used the functions of the rendezvous to further their cause. An illustration of this condition of things is well set forth in the instance of the lusty young men who would celebrate Christmas in their own way, which was to gather at the hotel or Ye Friendly Hostelrie, partake of the "licker and larder" and then go out of doors into the snow and play at "pitching the bars," "stool-ball" or like sports. The merry group

were not acting in accord with the laws, and they knew it; but in an innocent way bubbling over with good nature and throwing off the restraints "of the godlie ministry," they took to "gaming and revelling in ye streets." When the governor saw these fellows at play, having been notified of the fact by the elders, he ordered them to work; he being a Puritan and not recognizing the Christmas holiday. They gave up their out-door fun unquestionably, but later on drank "disgust to the law," ate mince pie and sang a merry carol.

Again the witchcraft delusion opened an opportunity for the Rev. Samuel Parris, and the chief prosecutor, Cotton Mather, to gain a point on the tavernites, investigating as they did certain movements within the gay walls of the hostelries, which resulted in making the friendly inn a place which the poor gopher-toothed old woman carefully avoided, for should she happen to pass the noisy precincts she would be sure of arrest, or at least scathing ridicule and anathemas.

The historic writer who is familiar with the tavern days of our ancestors, be he ever so biased, cannot but sympathize with the taverners, even though they took a hand in the execution of the poor creatures who were witch-possessed (?). The strong men of the times who formed, with the clergy, popular opinion naturally used the many-tongued tavern portal as their rostrum; there they dropped the bomb which should burst among the gossips and implant its venom in the very hearts of the people, so that the feelings of the hour were thus disseminated in the community along with the good cheer and honest intentions of the landlord and his patrons.



But the sunlight which crowned the threshold of the tavern far outshown the dark shadows. The memory of the genial faced hostler and tap keeper who vaulted the beer, and who, with a kindly smile upon his face would keep up a joyous conversation with the guests as the soothing ale flowed in frothy streams into the great pewter mug, is still with us. His ever ready hands and words cheered the belated traveler, soothed the distressed condition of the suffering stranger, and with knowing wink performed the extra duty for the simple "tip." His like is not known to-day; there is no servant of to-day who exercises the same functions, his place cannot be filled.

The modern hotel cannot compare with the ancient "hostelrie" for right down hospitality. In old times the landlord knew his guests by name and long associations, their every want was attended to without the asking or bidding, he was the dispenser of charity, the physician, the provident cultivator of an herb garden, the subscriber to all of the English newspapers, the intimate of foreign commissioners and the advisor of investors. Day and night were as one with him, his habits were more like those of a philanthropist; but he too, like his tap keeper, has gone the way of all the world, and his place cannot be filled.

Of the many incidents which occurred in these old taverns, one has but to read the town records to be filled; perhaps an article will not be amiss if entirely devoted to the tap room, we may at least be able to penetrate deeper into the lives of our fathers, if the stories are but well told.

The Sunday School

Christ Forgiving Sin.

LESSON XII., SUNDAY, MARCH 23.

Golden Text—Who can forgive sins, but God alone?—Luke 5: 21.

LESSON TEXT.

(Luke 5: 17-26.)

17. And it came to pass on a certain day, as he was teaching, that there were Pharisees and doctors of the law sitting by, which were come out of every town of Galilee, and Judea, and Jerusalem: and the power of the Lord was present to heal them.

18. And, behold, men brought in a bed a man which was taken with a palsy: and they sought means to bring him in, and to lay him before him.

19. And when they could not find by what way they might bring him in because of the multitude, they went upon the house-top, and let him down through the tiling with his couch into the midst before Jesus.

20. And when he saw their faith, he said unto him, Man, thy sins are forgiven thee.

21. And the scribes and the Pharisees began to reason, saying, Who is this which speaketh blasphemies? Who can forgive sins, but God alone?

22. But when Jesus perceived their thoughts he, answering, said unto them, What reason ye in your hearts?

23. Whether is easier, to say, Thy sins be forgiven thee; or to say, Rise up and walk?

24. But that you may know that the Son of man hath power upon earth to forgive sins (he said unto the sick of the palsy), I say unto thee, Arise, and take up thy couch, and go into thine house.

25. And immediately he rose up before them, and took up that whereon he lay, and departed to his own house, glorifying God.

26. And they were all amazed, and they glorified God, and were filled with fear, saying, We have seen strange things to-day.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

There were Pharisees and doctors of the law sitting by, out of every village of Galilee and Judea and Jerusalem; and the power of the Lord was with him to heal (v. 17). It matters not how many men, good, bad, or indifferent, are gathered together for the hearing of preaching, or for the discussion of great principles,—all power for good is of God, and only as he exercises that power are its results to be seen in the assembly or in its influ

Talmage's Sermon.

THE VALUE OF A MORTAL LIFE.

The Brooklyn Divine Thinks That Very Few Would Really Like to Live Their Lives Over Again, and That There is a Higher Duty Than Saving One's Own Life.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., March 9.—The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., preached in the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, this morning, to an overflowing congregation. After expounding appropriate passages of Scripture, he announced his subject to be: "Would You Like to Live Your Life Over Again?" His text was Job ii. 4: "All that a man hath will he give for his life." He said:

This is natural. The Lord did not say it, but Satan said it to the Lord, when the evil one wanted Job still more afflicted. The record is: "So went Satan forth from the presence of the Lord and smote Job with sore boils." And Satan has been the author of all eruptive disease since then, and he hopes by poisoning the blood to poison the soul. But the result of the diabolical experiment which left Job victor proved the falsity of the Satanic remark, "All that a man hath will he give for his life." Many a captain who has stood on the bridge of the steamer till his passengers got off and he drowned; many an engineer who has kept his hand on the throttle valve or his foot on the brake until most of the train was saved while he went down to death through the open draw bridge; many a fireman who plunged into a blazing house to get a sleeping child out, sacrificing his life in the attempt, and thousands of martyrs who submitted to fiery stake and knife of inquisitor and headsman's ax and guillotine rather than surrender principle, proving that in many a case my text was not true, when it says: "All that a man hath will he give for this life."

Life is very precious, and if we would not give up all, there are many things we would surrender rather than surrender it. I propose for very practical and useful purposes, as well as to clear our feet through, to discuss the question we have all asked of others, and others have again and again asked of us, Would you like to live your life over again?

The fact is that no intelligent and right feeling man is satisfied with his past life. We have all made so many mistakes, amounting into so many sins, and so many things we that ought not to have been said and done so many things that ought not to have been done, that we can suggest at least ninety-five per cent of improvement. Now would it not be grand if the good Lord would say to you: "You can go back and try it over again. I will fly a sword into your hair to brown or golden, and smooth all the wrinkles out of your temple and cheek, and take the bend out of your shoulders, and extirpate the stiffness from the joint and the rheumatic twinge from the foot, and you shall live the sixty-one years again, and tell me what you wish when you reached that point before." If the proposition were made I think many thousands would accept it.

Well, if your grandfather lived his life over again and your father lived his life over again and you lived your life over again, what a cluttered up place this would be, a place filled for all the centuries with compromise and rot. I begin to think that it is better for each generation to have only one chance, and for them to pass off and

Give Another Generation a Chance.

Besides that, if we were permitted to live life over again, it would be a stale and stupid experience. The zest and spur and enthusiasm of life come from the fact that we have never been along this road before, and everything is new and we are alert for what may appear at the next turn of the road. Suppose you, a man in middle life or old age, could, by your present feelings and large attainments, put back into the thirties, or the twenties, or into the teens, what a nuisance you would be to others, and what an unhappiness to yourself. Your contemporaries would not want you and you would not want them. Better one generation of you, however fine and refined your healthful ambition, or gave you pleasurable surprise, or led you into happy interrogation, would only call forth from you a disgusted "Oh, pshaw!" You would be bluer at thirty and a misanthrope at forty and unendurable at fifty. The most insane and anguishing imaginative would be a second bouncing of life, for it would be peopled only: "I would like to live my life over again, if I could take my present experience and knowledge of things back with me and begin under those improved auspices." Why, what an uninteresting boy you would be with your present attainments in a child's mind, and you would want such a boy as you were to house.

Besides that, if you took life over again, you would have to take its deep sadness over again. Would you want to try again the deep grief and the heart-breaks and the bereavements through which you have gone? Want a mercy that we shall never be called to suffer them again! We may have suffered enough, but these old pangs never again!

Besides that, would you want to risk the temptations of life over again? From the fact that you are here I conclude that though in many respects your life may have been unfortunate and unconsecrated, you have got on so far tolerably well, if nothing more than tolerable. As for myself, though my life has been far from being as consecrated as I would like to have had it, I would not want to have tried it over again—lest

Next Time I Would Do Worse.

Live life over again? Why, if many of those who are now respectable were permitted to experiment, the next journey would be demolition. You go through, as Job says, by the skin of the teeth. Next time you might not get through at all. Satan would say: "I know him now better than I did before, and have for 50 years been studying his weaknesses, and I will weave a stronger web of circumstances to catch him next time." And Satan would concenter his forces on this one man, and the last state of that man would be worse than the first. My friends, our faces are in the right direction. Better go forward than backward, even if we had the choice. The greatest disaster I can think of would be for you to return to boyhood in 1890.

Beside all this, do you know if you could live your life over again that you would put you so much further from reunion with your friends in heaven? If you are in the noon of life or the evening of life you are not very far from the golden gate at which you are to meet your transported and emparadised loved ones. You are now, let us say, twenty years or ten years or one year off from celestial conjunction. How would you get back in your early life 30 years or 40 years or 50 years, what an awful postponement of the time of reunion! It would be as though you were going to San Francisco to a great banquet and you got to Oakland, four or five miles this side of it, and then came back to Hoboken or Harlem to get a better start; as though you were going to England to cross over and having come in sight of the mountains of Wales you put back to Sandy Hook in order to make a better voyage. The further on you get in life, if a Christian, the nearer you are to the renewal of broken up companionship. No; the wheel of time turns in the right direction, and it is well that it turns so fast.

When a man says he would like to live his live over again because he would do so much better, and yet goes right on living as he always lived, do you not see he stultifies himself? He proves that if he could go back he would do almost the same as he has done.

As soon as a ship captain strikes a rock in the lake or sea, he reports it and a buoy is swung over that reef and marines henceforth

Stand Off from that Rock.

And all our mistakes in the past ought to be buoys warning us to keep to the right channel. There is no excuse for us if we split on the same rock where we split before. Going along the sidewalk at night on excavations are being made. We frequently see a lantern on a frame-work, and we turn aside, for that lantern says, hoop out of this hole. And all along the pathway of life lanterns are set as warnings, and by the time we come to middle we ought to know where it is safe to walk and where it is not safe.

Besides that, we have all these years been learning how to be useful, and in the next decade we ought to accomplish more for God and the church and the world than in any previous four decades. The best way to atone for past indolence or past transgression is by future assiduity. Yet you often find Christian men, who were not converted until they were 40 or 50, as old age comes on, saying: "Well, my work is about done and it is time for me to rest." They gave 40 years of their life to satan and the world, a little fragment of their life to God, and now they want to rest. Whether that belongs to comedy or tragedy I say not. The man who gave one-half of his earthly existence to the world and of the remaining two-quarters, one to Christian work and the other to rest, would not, I suppose, get a very brilliant reception in heaven. If there are any dried leaves in heaven they would be appropriate for his garland; or if there is any throne with broken step it would be appropriate for his coronation; or any harp with relaxed string it would be appropriate for his fingering. My brother, you give nine-tenths of your life to sin and Satan and then get converted, and then rest awhile in sanctified laziness and then go up to get your heavenly reward, and I warrant it will not take the cashier of the royal banking house a great while to count out to you all your dues. He will not ask you whether you will have it in bills of large denomination or small. I would like to put one sentence of my sermon in italics, and have it underscored, and three exclamation points at the end of the sentence, and that sentence is this: As we can not live our lives over again, the nearest we can come to atone for the past is by redoubled

Holiness and Industry in the Future.

If this rail train of life has been detained and switched off and is far behind the time table, the engineer for the rest of the way must put on more pressure of steam and go a mile a minute in order to arrive at the right time and place under the approval of the conductor and directors.

As I supposed it would be, there are multitudes of young people listening to this sermon on whom this subject has acted with the force of a galvanic battery. Without my saying a word to them, they have soliloquized, saying: "As one cannot live his life over again, and I can make only one trip, I must look out and make no mistakes; I have but one chance, and I must make the most of it." My young friends, I am glad you made this application of the sermon yourself. When a minister toward the close of his sermon says, "Now a few words by way of application," people begin to look around for their hats and get their arm through one sleeve of their overcoats, and the sermonic application is a failure. I am glad you have made your own application, and that you are resolved, like a Quaker of whom I read years ago, who, in conference meeting, said: "I shall be along this path of life but once and so I must do all the kindness I can and all the good I can." My hearers, the mistakes of youth can never be corrected. Time gone is gone forever. An opportunity passed the thousandth part of a second has by one leap reached the other side of a great eternity. In the autumn when the birds migrate you look up and see the sky black with wings and the flocks stretching out into many leagues of air, and so to-day I look up and see two large wings in full sweep. They are the wings of the flying year. That is followed by a flock of three hundred and sixty-five, and they are the flying days. Each of the flying days is followed by twenty-four, and they are the flying hours, and each of these is followed by sixty, and these are the flying minutes. Where did this great flock start from? Eternity past. Where are they bound? Eternity to come. You might as well go a gunning for the quails that whistled last year in the meadows or the robins that last year caroled in the sky as to try to fetch down and bag one of the best opportunities of your life. Do not say, "I will lounge now and make it up afterwards." Young men and boys, you can't make it up. My observation is that those who intend to sowed wild oats, to the end of their short life sowed wild oats, and those who start sowing Genesee wheat always sow Genesee wheat. And then the reaping of the harvests is so different. There is grandfather now. He has lived to old age because his habits have been good. His eyesight for this world has got somewhat dim, but his eye for the world to come is radiant. His hearing is not so acute as it once was, and he must bend clear over to hear what his little grandchild says when she asks him what he has brought for her. But he easily catches the music raised from supernal spheres. Men passing in the streets take off their hats in reverence and women say: "What a good old man he is." Seventy-eight years all for God and for making this world happy. Splendid! Glorious! Magnificent! He will have hard work getting into heaven, because those whom he helped to get there will fill up and crowd the gates to tell him how glad they are at his coming until he says: "Pierce to stand back—I will pass in." And then the cast-iny crown at the feet of him whom having not seen I love." I do not know what you call that. I call it

The Harvest of Genesee Wheat.

Our vonder is a man very old at 40 years of age, at a time when he ought to be buoyant as the morning. He got bad habits on him very early, and those habits have become worse. He is a man on fire, on fire with alcoholism, on fire with all evils habits, cut with the world and the world out with him. Down and falling deeper, hands in pockets, and threadbare pockets, and his eyes fixed on the ground, he passes through the street, and the quick step of an innocent child or the strong step of a young man or the roll of a prosperous carriage maddens him, and he curses society and he curses God. Fallen sick, with no resources, he is carried to the almshouse. Loathsome specimen of the ills all day long waiting for dissolution, or in the night rises on his cot and fights apparitions of what he might have been and of what he will be. He started in life with as good a prospect as any man on the American continent, but there he is a bloated carcass waiting for the shovels of putrid charity to put him five feet under. Farewell what he sowed.

Yeast of wild oats! "There is a way that seemeth right to a man, but the end thereof is death." Young man, as you cannot live life over again, however you may long to do so, be sure to have your one life right. There is in this august assembly I wot not, for we are made up of all sections of this land and from many lands, some young man who has gone away from home and perhaps under some little spite or evil persuasion of another, and his parents know not where he is. My son, go home! Do not go to seal. Don't go to-night where you may be tempted to go. Go home! Your father will be glad to see you, and your mother, I need not tell you how she feels. How I would like to make your parents a present of their wayward boy, repentant and in his right mind. I would like to write them a letter and you to carry the letter, saying: "By the blessing of God on my sermon I introduce to you one whom you have never seen before, for he has become a new creature in Christ Jesus." My boy, go home and put your tired head on the bosom that nursed you so tenderly in your childhood years. A young Scotchman was in battle taken captive by a band of Indians, and he learned their language and adopted their habits. He rose to be a chief. But when the old Indian chieftain never forgot that he had in his possession a young man who did not belong to him. Well, one day this tribe of Indians came in sight of the Scotch regiments from whom this young man had been captured, and the old Indian chieftain said: "I lost my son in battle and I know now a son found at the loss

WASHINGTON NEWS.

FIFTY-FIRST CONGRESS.

Deliberations of the Two Houses for the week.

MARCH 4.—Senate—Resolution passed: Providing for taking census of Alaska. Bill passed: Appropriating $30,000 for battle monument at Trenton, N. J.

House—Resolution offered: Relative to correspondence between United States and Mexico concerning seizure at Tampico of the schooner Rebecca. The Featherstone-Cate contested election case occupied the attention of the House during the remainder of the day.

MARCH 5.—Senate—Bill passed: Appropriating $100,000 for public building at Lafayette, Ind.

House—The day was spent in considering the Featherstone-Cate contested election case. The vote declaring Cate not elected was, yeas 117, nays 128, and Featherstone was seated by a vote of yeas 145, nays 98, and the oath of office was administered to him by the speaker.

MARCH 6.—Senate—Bills introduced: For a monument to John Ericsson; for punishment of officers and others selecting jurors with reference to political affiliations; to amend the statutes so as to permit purchase and registry of foreign-built vessels by citizens of the United States. Bills passed: Increasing pension of daughter of Maj.-Gen. Worth; increasing pension of the widow of Maj.-Gen. Warren.

House—Many petitions were presented, and several bills providing for public buildings were passed. Messrs. Cannon and Millikin indulged in a lively skirmish over a public building for San Diego, Cal., and a personal encounter was narrowly averted.

MARCH 7.—Senate—Public building bills were passed, and debate on the Blair bill was continued.

House—Bills were passed authorizing the construction of a number of bridges, the balance of the day being spent on the private calendar.

WASHINGTON, March 8.—Senate not in session.

In the House a bill was passed to compel the attendance of witnesses in land office cases. Public building bills were then considered in committee, and a number passed and reported to the House.

WASHINGTON, March 10.—Among the bills reported from the committee and placed on the calender of the Senate were the following: For the construction of postoffice buildings in towns and cities where the postoffice receipts have for the last three years exceeded $3,000 a year.

Mr. Hoar, from the judiciary committee, reported a bill fixing the times and places for holding United States courts in the state of Washington, and it was passed.

The bill appropriating $500,000 for a public building at Salt Lake City, Utah, was taken up and passed.

On motion of Mr. Sherman the bill reported by him from the committee on Foreign Relations on the 6th instant, providing for an inspection of meats for exportation, prohibiting the importation of adulterated articles of food or drink, and authorizing the President to make proclamation in certain cases, and for other purposes, was taken from the calendar.

After some debate the bill was then laid aside without action, and the educational bill was taken up.

The Senate proceeded to vote on the amendments proposed by the committee, and they were severally agreed to. The bill was then laid on e, and after an executive session the Senate adjourned.

In the House on motion of Mr. Owen, of Indiana, the senate resolution was concurred in providing that the Senate committee on immigration and the House committee on immigration and naturalization shall jointly investigate the workings of the various laws of the United State and the several states relative to immigration.

Senate bills were passed for the ascertainments of the amounts due the Pottawatomie Indians of Michigan and Indiana, and for the taking of the census in Alaska.

In the morning hour the Senate bill was passed (with verbal amendment) to prevent the introduction of contagious diseases from one state to another.

Mr. Lacey, of Iowa, from the committee on Elections, reported adversely against the appointment of a sub-committee to make full and thorough investigation of the contested election case of Clayton vs. Breckinridge, to take and report all the evidence in regard to the methods of election, and whether either contestant or contestee or either of them was lawfully elected. The sub-committee is empowered to proceed to Arkansas.

Mr. Lacey, on the request of Mr Breckinridge, of Arkansas) offered an amendment, directing the sub-committee to investigate all events relating to the contest o arising therefrom after the election.

Mr. Breckinridge said that inasmuch as it was claimed that the death of Col. Clayton was intended to affect his rights to a seat on the floor, it was due to the community in which the event occured that full inquiry should be made into the matter. He did not object to the fullest inquiry so that the House would have the fullest possible information on everything relating to the matter directly or indirectly, and that full and fair notice should be served on all who had any communication to make of this community and charges to make against the officials of the state of Arkansas to come before the tribunal and prove their case, or else hereafter hold their peace.

The amendment was agreed to, and the resolution, as amended, was adopted.

The House then went into committee of the Whole (Mr. Payson, of Illinois, in the chair) on the Oklahoma territory bill.

WHEAT AND CORN.

The Views of the Statistician of the Department.

The statistical report of the department of Agriculture for March relates to the distribution and consumption of wheat and corn. It makes the proportion of the corn crop in the hands of growers 45.9 per cent, or 670,000,000 bushels; and of the wheat crop 31.9 per cent, or 156,000,000 bu bels. The stock of corn on hand is the largest ever reported in March of the largest crop, after the mildest winter. The average of eight annual returns is 677,000 000 bushels; that of last year, 787,000,000 bu-hels.

The estimated consumption to March 1, is 1,143,000,000 bu., figure exceeded only last year and in 1883. The proportion of merchantable corn of the crop of 1889 is 85.7 per cent; exceeded in recent years only by those of 1884 and 1886. The average value of all corn, on the first of December was 28.3 cents per bu. The average on the first of March was 27.9 cents for merchantable and 19.2 cents for unmerchantable, making an aggregate of value $35,000,000 less than the December estimate.

The wheat crop of 1889 was exceeded by the crops of 1880, 1882 and 1884. The average remainder in the hands of growers on the first of March for ten years past has been 130,000,000 bu. The average crop during the period was 450,000,000 bu. Only in years having a product much below this average has the March remainder fallen below 130,000,000 bu, with the sole exception of 1886, when a crop of 457,000,000 bu. followed one of 357,0

Most of the wheat in farmers' hands is in states which have no surplus over consumption, or in those in which much the larger portion is marketed at home. The six spring wheat states have only 45,000,000 bushels, 18 of which will be required for spring seed and the remainder is scarcely more than four months consumption of their population. Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri and Kansas, the only winter wheat states east of the Rocky Mountains contributing to commercial distribution, have only 100,000,000 bushels, half of which will be needed at home, and a part of the remainder is commercially unavailable at the present prices. It is seen, therefore, that the available supply for exportation and for home distribution to July is small. The depleted farm reserves have been measurably filled, except in a few states, but it will require the pressure of high prices to squeeze any considerable proportion of them into commercial distribution.

In Favor of the Republican.

The Senate committee on Privileges and Elections reached a decision in the case of the contested Montana Senatorship, and by a party vote decided to recommend to the Senate that Power and Saunders, the Republican Senators, be seated. The ground upon which the majority of the committee will take its stand as a basis for its recommendation is that the Republican House of Montana was the legal House, as its members held the certificates of election officers, and was recognized as the legal House by the State Senate.

The report of the committee will not be made for several days yet, as it will be a long document, discussing both the law and the facts in the case.

Mr. Gray, it is expected, will prepare the report of the minority. The presentation of the reports will be the signal for an extended debate, and it may be several weeks before the Senate will reach a vote on the subject.

Senator Turpie did not agree with either the majority or minority, but was of the opinion that no election of senators had been accomplished, and that the case should be remitted to the state of Montana for action. He may make an independent report to that effect.

Important Land Decision.

The Supreme court of the United States, through Justice Blatchford, on March 10, rendered an opinion affirming the judgment of the Circuit court for the district of Nebraska, in the case of Thomas Jeffries, plaintiff in error, against the East Omaha Land company.

The case involves title to about forty acres of land on the bank of the Missouri river, opposite Omaha, formed in the course of twenty years or more by gradual accretions. The land company is the owner of the lot against which the deposits were made that resulted in the accretion of the 40 acres, and the decision is in its favor on the ground that where a water line is the boundary of a lot, the land and the same is bounded by that line and shifts with the waters.

CHICKAMAUGA FIELD.

A Favorable Report to the Bill to Make it a Park.

The military committee of the House, by by a unanimous vote, adopted Mr. Lansing's favorable report on the Grosvenor bill establishing the Chickamauga and Chattanooga national park. The report takes the ground that the Western armies should be added in marking the lines of their valorous fighting as Eastern armies have been at Gettysburg.

The committee says that the Chickamauga and Chattanooga fields, which are virtually parts of one whole, have been selected, and the committee thinks very properly selected, because not only all the western armies on both sides were fully represented in those battles, but also the army of the Potomac, in Hooker's two corps, and the army of Northern Virginia, in Longstreet's troops. Eighteen northern states, including three from New England and all southern states had troops present in these battles. The committee sets forth the desperate character of the fighting on both sides at Chickamauga, which is shown to make it rank high, if not to take precedence among the bloodest battles of the modern world. Attention is also called to the numerous and remarkable tactical movements on that field, while Chattanooga is given high rank as a field where the formidable natural obstacles make it one of the most notable in military history.

The committee takes the ground that, aside from the universal interest manifested in this project by the veterans of all the armies, it is a matter of value to the nation to preserve these notable fields and accurately mark them for professional and historical study. The report explains that 26 miles of roads and approaches to the parks and avenues through it are to be obtained by the government without cost, by cession, and that the body of the park, containing 7,600 acres, which is to be purchased by condemnation, is largely forest and ridge land, and that except for the growth of trees, it has scarcely changed in appearance since the armies left it.

APPOINTMENTS.

The Latest List Sent in by the President.

The President sent to the Senate on March 7, the nomination of John F. Patty, naval officer of customs at New Orleans.

The President, on March 11, sent to the Senate the following nominations:

Lieut. Col. William Smith, deputy paymaster general, to be paymaster general with the rank of brigadier general; James A. Wood, of New Hampshire, consul at Riverbrooke; Charles B. Wilson, surveyor general of Louisiana, (Wm. Gregg withdrawn).

Theophilus F. Smith, of St. Paul, supervisor of third census distri t of Minnesota, vice Wm. H. H. Johnston, declined. G. Bowne Patterson, U. S. attorney for southern district of Florida. Postmaster—Geo. G. Biggs, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Pension Examiners.

The commissioner of pensions has appointed examining surgeons for the Pension bureau as follows:

At Frankfort, Ky., Dr. Enoch E. Hume and Robert B. Cluff; at Jamestown, Ky., Dr. John E. Buster and Dr. James O. Miller; at Greensburg, Ky., Dr. Charles D. Moore; at Noblesville, Ind., Dr. Wm. B. Graham; at Gosport, Ind., Dr. Howard G. Osgood.

Land of the Chippewas.

The president has approved the agreement entered into with the several bands of Chippawa Indians in the state of Minnesota under the act of Congress approved Jan. 14, 1889. About 4,000,000 acres are ceded to the government under these agreements.

Referring to this approval the secretary of the Interior has promulgated a public notice and warning relating to the ceded lands, in which he says: It cannot be ascertained to what portions of the land within the boundaries of the several reservations, except the Red Lake and White Earth reservations, the Indian title will be extinguished by the agreement until the allotment in severalty shall have been made. None of the lands, whether pine lands or "agricultural lands" within the reservations of the Chippewa Indians in Minnesota are open, or will be open to settlement by citizens of the United States until an executive agreement to that effect, as required in the act, shall be made.

All persons are warned not to go upon any of the lands within the limits of the reservations as heretofore existing, for any purpose or with any intent whatever. No settlement or other rights can be secured upon the lands, and all persons found unlawfully thereon will be dealt with as trespassers and intruders.

Neagle's Case.

The argument before the United States Supreme court in the Neagle habeas corpus case has been concluded. Mr. Joseph H. Choate, of New York, continued his argument on the line laid down by him yesterday, that of the supremacy of the United States to the states. He maintained that when the constitution vested judicial power in the courts, and to carry this into effect enacted laws to divide the country into circuits, it necessarily implied that in the discharge of the duties so imposed upon the judges of the courts should be absolutely protected by the government whose servants they are.

The case was closed by Attorney General Johnson, of California, in behalf of the state. He conceded that Congress might pass a law for the protection of judges while traveling to or from their circuits, but maintained that no such law had been passed giving this protection, either in words or by implication, and that its passage was absolutely essential in order to oust the police power of the state.

Edmunds Beef Bill.

The Senate committee on Foreign Relations reported several amendments to the Edmunds bill "providing for an inspection of meats for exportation, prohibiting the importation of adulterated articles of food or drink, and authorizing the President to make proclamation in certain cases." The principal change puts the execution of the provisions of the bill into the hands of the secretary of Agriculture, instead of those of the secretary of the Treasury.

In the original bill the power conferred on the President to issue retaliatory proclamations to exclude the products of any country discriminating against the products of the United States, was limited to the present Presidential term. This limitation is stricken out by one of the amendments reported. These changes were made at the instance of Secretary Rusk and are acceptable to the officials of the Treasury department.

Taylor's Telegraph Bill.

Representative Taylor, of Illinois, introduced in the House a bill to provide for the establishment of a system of government telegraphs for the use of the government and people, and to be operated as a part of the postal system.

Following are the rates proposed: At government telegrams or private telegrams sent over a single circuit or unbroken line of telegraph, without relay, and requiring but one operator at either end, without regard to distance, one cent for each word, counting the address and signature, but not the date. But no telegram so sent shall cost less than fifteen cents. For each additional circuit or relay, requiring additional operator and an additional receiver, an additional charge equal to the charge for sending the same message over one circuit, without relay, shall be made.

Bond Transactions.

The secretary of the Treasury purchased over $2,000,000 of United States bonds on March 6, and thereby reduced the available surplus to about $28,000,000. As the secretary is disinclined to reduce the surplus below $20,000,000, it will be seen that a few repetitious of yesterday's operations would soon result in a temporary suspension of bond purchases, at least so far as the four per cents are concerned. Secretary Windom said that while the present state of the surplus would hardly justify him in continuing the daily purchase of bonds to the extent of yesterday's offerings, he did not at present see any necessity for a change in the financial policy.

To Go to New Mexico.

The secretary of the Interior has approved the recommendation of the military authorities at San Carlos Indian Agency, in Arizona, that about 100 of the wives, children and other relations of the renegade Apaches be removed to Fort Union, New Mexico, for temporary confinement. This action is taken for the supposed moral effect, both upon the renegades and those at the Agency. It is the intention of the Indian Bureau to place at some Indian school those of the children who are of school age.

New Customs Districts.

The Senate bill establishing a customs collection district to consist of North and South Dakota was favorably reported to the House on March 7.

TAULBEE DEAD.

His Last Hours—The Story of his Life.

Ex Congressman W. Preston Taulbee, of Kentucky, who was shot in the head by Charles E. Kincaid, correspondent of the Louisville *Times*, while they were descending the east staircase in the House wing of the capitol on the afternoon of Friday, Feb. 28, died at 4:45 on the morning of March 11, at the Providence hospital, whither he had been removed an hour or so after the shooting.

Mr. Taulbee had been unconscious for some time before death came, and the end was painless. He had been rapidly sinking since last Saturday, and his death had been expected at any time since that night. Monday he grew so much worse that the physicians in charge knew he could not last another day.

When he passed away his brother, Dr. Taulbee; his son, a young man about 19 years of age; his brother-in-law, Dr. Bayne, the attending surgeon, and Maj. Blackburn, of Kentucky, were around his bedside. Death is due, of course, to the effects of the pistol wound, but the immediate cause cannot as yet be stated.

Mr. Kincaid made no effort to escape while he was at liberty, and announced his intention to surrender himself to the authorities in case his pistol shot should result fatally.

Taulbee came from the mountain districts of Kentucky made famous in Charles Egbert Craddock's novels, and has often said that his constituents were accurately described in those works.

He is a fit representative of them. Tall, raw-boned, and rough-looking, he has a frame typical of his region. His features would make two of Kincaid's, and he has a foot of mammoth proportions. There was nothing refined about him, and he rather prided himself on his roughness. He was of one of the poor families of his region, and he got his election on the ground that he was a poor boy and a man of the people. Kincaid comes from one of the best families of Kentucky, and the contrast is striking.

Taulbee made his poverty and his birth one of the chief pleas for his first election on the stump, and among his favorite utterances to the mountaineers were such as the following:

"I would have the people of these mountains show the world that a poor boy can go to Congress. I would let the nobility of France know it. I would let the queen of England know it. Aye! I would let the monarchs of the world know that down here in these Kentucky mountains one man is as good as another, and that a poor farmer's boy can be elected to the highest offices of the land."

A great deal of the electioneering of the Kentucky mountains is done by taking at the cross-roads and by private conversation. Representative Taulbee, it is said, never missed an opportunity to pass of impressing his constituents with the simplicity of his nature and his habits. He could squirt his tobacco juice through his front teeth as straight as any other man in the mountains, and he knew just what sort of snuff to carry about in his pockets to give to such daughters of voters as were accustomed to rubbing it over their gums with a chewed stick.

The action of Taulbee in thrusting Kincaid aside and pulling his ear calls attention to the number of assaults of one kind and another which have happened in the Capitol. It is said that Henry A. Wise pulled James K. Polk's nose when Polk was Speaker, and before he became President. Wise was mad at Polk for some of his rulings, and he waited outside of the Capitol until Polk came out, when he rushed to him and said: "You are a blanked petty cur," and with this he attempted to pull Polk's nose. Whether he succeeded or not no one ever knew. It was a good deal the same as the case of Brickburn and Chandler a few months ago. Polk said his nose was not pulled and Wise said it was. Andrew Jackson thought Polk should have killed Wise for this insult, and he did not see how he could help challenging him for it.

INDUSTRIAL FIGURES.

How the Census Bureau is to Obtain Special Figures.

Acting under authority conferred by law, the superintendent of the census has decided that the collection of the statistics relating to iron and steel, to coke, to glass, to the electrical industry and to illumination gas shall be collected by expert agents, without reference to locality. Enumerators and special agents for cities and towns will therefore not be required to make returns under such enumerations.

The collection of the general statistics of manufacturers in cities and towns hereinafter noted has been withdrawn from the enumerators and the duty charged upon special agents. The Ohio towns which come under this order are: First district—Bucyrus, Defiance, Findlay, Fostoria, Fremont, Lima, Tiffin, Toledo, Van Wert.

Second district—Dayton, Kenton, Piqua, Springfield, Troy, Urbana, Xenia.

Third district—Cincinnati, Hamilton, Middleton.

Fourth district—Chillicothe, Gallipolis, Hillsborough, Ironton, Portsmouth.

Fifth district—Circleville, Columbus, Delaware, Lancaster, Marion, Mount Vernon.

Sixth district—Ashland, Cleveland, Elyria, Mansfield, Sandusky, Wooster.

Seventh district—Bellaire, Coshocton, Marietta, Zanesville.

Eighth district—Akron, Alliance, Ashtabula, Canton, East Liverpool, Massillon, New Philadelphia, Niles, Ravenna, Salem, Steubenville, Warren, Wellsville, Youngstown.

The Judicial Circuits.

The following allotment was made for the various circuits: For the First circuit, Horace Gray, associate justice; for the Second circuit, Samuel Blatchford, associate justice; for the Third circuit, Joseph P. Bradley, associate justice; for the Fourth circuit, Melville W. Fuller, chief justice; for the Fifth circuit, Lucius Q. C. Lamar, associate justice; for the Sixth circuit, Ohio, Michigan, Kentucky, Tennessee) David J. Brewer, associate justice; for the Seventh circuit, John M. Harlan, associate justice; for the Eighth circuit, Samuel F. Miller, associate justice; for the Ninth circuit, Stephen J. Field, associate justice.

Chinese Merchants Barred.

Acting upon the advice of the attorney general, Secretary Windom has has decided that Chinese merchants coming to this country for the first time, provided with the certificate prescribed by section 6, of the act of July 5, 1884, cannot be permitted to land in the United States, notwithstanding the fact that they are not laborers.

Blaine's Brother.

Mr. Robert G. Blaine, brother of Secretary Blaine, who, for some years, held the office of curator of the department of Agriculture, has been appointed by Secretary Rusk, superintendent of quarantine stations under the bureau of Animal Industry.

An Assistant Secretary of War.

The President on March 5 approved the act providing for an assistant secretary of War.

TURTLE MOUNTAIN INDIANS.

Bishop Shanley Describes Their Terrible Suffering.

Bishop Shanley, of the Catholic diocese of North Dakota, was interviewed in Minneapolis and graphically described the condition of the 1,930 Indians on the Turtle Mountain reservation, not one of whom is able to live comfortably, owing to a misunderstanding with the government.

These 1,930 Indians get altogether $5,000 a year from the government for their support, and some poor rations. Since January 1, he says, fully 1,500 of the people have been left to shift for themselves. With Father Stephan, who was provided with funds by wealthy Philadelphians, the bishop recently visited the reservation and found the greatest destitution and suffering.

WIRE NAIL COMBINE.

Shut Down Movement Inaugurated to Boom Prices.

The wire nail men of the United States, with few exceptions, closed their mills on March 11, and announce that they will not resume operations again until the 24th inst., but that they will open then is not certain, as their object may not be accomplished.

This shut down, it is alleged, is part of a scheme to force certain manufacturers of wire nails into the trust, which has been forming for some time, but which may fall on account of the refusal of the independent factories to join the combine.

Allison Elected.

In the Iowa, Senate, on March 5, the election of a United States senator was taken up. Senator Gatch nominated Wm. B. Allison; Bolter named S. L. Bestow, Engle nominated Wm. Larrabee. The vote resulted: Allison, 28; Bestow, 20; Larrabee, 2. Allison was declared elected on the part of the Senate. As Allison was elected in both houses, it was not necessary to have a joint session.

GENERAL NEWS.

"JACK" LINCOLN DEAD.

The Son of Minister Lincoln Succumbs to Disease.

Master Abraham Lincoln, son of Hon. Robert Lincoln, the United States minister to England, who has been suffering for a long time from blood poison arising from a malignant carbuncle on the left side below the armpit, died at 11:07 o'clock a. m., March 5.

During the morning the lad was in a comatose condition. He was unable to retain nourishment, and the doctors stated definitely that his death was merely a question of a few hours. He suffered no pain. Mr. Lincoln and his family were at the bedside of the dying boy from early in the morning until he died. He passed away quietly.

The cabled announcement of the death of young Abraham Lincoln in London, though not unexpected, was received in Chicago with deep regret. His father, Robert T. Lincoln, the only surviving son of the martyr President, has made his home in that city for many years, and, besides gathering about him a large circle of warm friends has challenged the admiration of his fellow citizens who were not personally acquainted with him by a display of exceptional ability in the public position to which he has been called.

It is known that Mr. Lincoln was very averse to accepting the position which he now occupies. His son Abraham, a boy of 12 years, became ill soon after his arrival in London, and remained so to the hour of his death.

To friends from Chicago whom he saw in London, even at a time when it was supposed that the sufferer would recover, Mr. Lincoln expressed a very earnest sorrow that he had permitted himself to be influenced to accept the position. The death of young Abraham is a particularly poignant grief to his parents, and a special loss to the world, because he is Mr. Lincoln's only son, and with him the male line of Lincolns threatens to become extinct.

Funeral Services Held in London.

The funeral services over the remains of Abraham Lincoln, son of Mr. Robert Lincoln, were held March 7, at the residence of Mr. Lincoln, and were conducted by Rev. J. Monroe Gibson. Among those present were all the members of the American legation and the consulate, except Major Post, the military attache. They were all accompanied by their wives. The coffin was hidden beneath a mass of flowers. After the services were concluded, the body was placed in the catacombs in Kensal Green cemetery. There were no services at the cemetery.

Lincoln Will Not Resign.

Mr. Robert Lincoln, the American minister at London, authorizes a denial of the report that he intends to resign his position in consequence of the death of his son.

FIRE IN DETROIT.

The Loss Will Reach Over a Hundred Thousand.

At 6:15 on Saturday evening, fire was discovered in the rear of Gray & Baffy's six-story brick furniture factory, 98, 100 and 102 Congress street west, Detroit, Mich. The fire was on the fifth floor, and before the department got to work had gained great headway among very dry materials, though a general alarm was turned in soon after, the flames spread rapidly to the roof and then downward until the roof and upper floor fell, carrying the fire to the ground.

Carroll & Hunt, chair company's establishment on the west, 104 and 106 went next, the two making an intensely hot fire which not only rendered firemen's work very difficult, but threatened to consume buildings on the opposite side of the street. The Ostler Printing company and Carroll Cigar Manufactory, occupying two numbers on the east, were also completely gutted.

This is the largest fire Detroit has experienced since the D. M. Ferry seed store fire in January, 1886, when the loss ran into millions.

The losses will aggregate about $152,-300. The insurance will amount to $97,-850.

ANOTHER BIG FIRE.

Thousands Go Up in Smoke in the Queen City.

A fire from an unaccountable source burst out of the windows of the clothing house of Mayer & Co., at the northeast corner of Third and Vine streets, Cincinnati, shortly after 1 a. m., March 11. Nobody saw it until attention was attracted by crashing glass from the windows.

By the time the first fire engines arrived the whole interior of the great structure was ablaze. A general alarm, calling all the engines, was at once sounded, and the united efforts of the fire department were directed to confining the fire within its own walls. The building is a five-story stone front, erected at a cost of $200,000. It had a frontage of 125 feet on Third street and 150 feet on Vine.

The entire building was occupied by Stern, Mayer & Co., except one room on Third street, which was used by the Nonotuck Silk Co. It stands in the very midst of valuable buildings, filled with more valuable goods, and to allow it to gain control would be certain calamity. Across the street on the stands the Burnet House. During the progress of the fire it was with the utmost difficulty that the flames were kept from entering that ancient hostelery.

The great Enterprise building adjoining Stern, Mayer & Co.'s on the east was on fire at one time, but by bravery and skill it also was saved. The establishment of Stern, Mayer & Co. was one of the largest in the city. Its stock was full and was estimated at $300,000. It was wholly lost.

The total insurance is stated to be $250,-000. Early in the progress of the fire the stone cornice of the building began to fall like hail, but the firemen, with almost reckless bravado, ran up their ladders and carried up the hose. Very soon it was found that the entire front of the building would have to be vacated by the engines and ladders.

As one of the firemen was descending a ladder a piece of cornice struck him and knocked him to the ground. He was badly cut about the head, and was carried away in an unconscious condition. The engines on the Third street front had to be hauled away by hand to save them, as the heat was unendurable.

The firm of Stern, Mayer & Co. has been in existence 30 years. It is now composed of B. Stern, Louis Mayer, Jacob Scheurer, Alexander Offner and Theodore Mayer. It succeeded the firm of Kuhn, Netter & Co., the senior member of which died but a few days ago.

Fire in Kansas City.

At an early hour on March 10 fire was discovered on the fourth floor of the warehouse of the B. O. Clark Crockery company, Kansas City, Mo. The warehouse and contents were wholly destroyed. The loss is estimated at $102,000; fully insured.

WORSE THAN PIGS.

A Horrible State of Affairs at the Kansas City Work-House.

The charges made by Alderman Ford, of Kansas City, Mo., concerning the condition of the prisoners confined in the work house, are found to be true. Two reporters investigated the matter March 9, and find that about 75 male prisoners are crowded into narrow and filthy cells reeking with vermin and not provided with sanitary regulations. The men are constantly manacled with shackles weighing from five to thirteen pounds, and are therefore prevented from bathing. Two of the prisoners said they had not taken a bath for two months. Many of the cells are five feet long and in some of them are confined men six feet tall. For these 75 prisoners are but two guards. The guards say that on account of the desperate character of the men it is necessary to shackle them to prevent their escape.

McGlynn on Deck.

Dr. McGlynn made his appearance at the meeting of the Anti-Poverty society on March 9, for the first time in several weeks, having sufficiently recovered from his illness to deliver a short address. Rev. S. W. Thackeray, M. A. LL. D., of the University of Cambridge, England, addressed the Anti-Poverty society on the subject, "Who is the real owner of the land," advocating the appropriation of all ground rents by taxation, the proceeds to go to the entire community.

Denied the Motion.

Judge Wallace, of the United States Circuit court, at New York, handed down a decision on the 5th in the case of William Wall against Samuel Thomas, J. L. MacAuley, James N. Benedict and Edmund Urquhart, as resident trustees of the American cotton seed oil trust, denying the motion for a decree restraining and enjoining the trust from dissolving until the termination of 21 years for which time the coheern Was organized.

WANT THE LAW OBEYED.

Sioux Falls Business Men Will Take Steps to Secure Its Enforcement.

There is a prospect for a rigid enforcement of the prohibitory law just passed by the South Dakota Legislature. Some time ago the ultra-prohibitionists formed a league and assumed charge of the campaign against whisky. They held frequent meetings and declared that drinking must be abolished, not only in saloons, but in all private houses.

When Speaker Young introduced an amendment forbidding the search of private residences and providing for no punishment for drinking in families, the league passed strenuous resolutions condemning him. On March 10, 100 of the most solid business men of Sioux Falls issued a call for a convention to form an organization for enforcing the law.

The signers include representative men of all associations, among whom are some of the heaviest tax payers and influential merchants and real estate dealers. There will be an ample amount of cash back of the organization, and it will be managed by shrewd and experinced workers. A bitter fight is anticipated. There is a determination to enforce the law thoroughly and give an ample opportunity to test its value.

PENDLETON'S REMAINS.

The Funeral Held in Cincinnati on Last Saturday.

The remains of the Hon. George H. Pendleton, late United States minister to Germany and formerly United States senator, which were brought to America by the sloop-of-war Enterprise, were shipped west from New York, March 6, on the limited express.

Senator Pendleton's remains were sent over the Pennsylvania railroad, and F. K. Pendleton, his son, accompanied the body, which was escorted to the depot by the committee of the Ohio society. The committee consists of Hon. Calvin S. Brice, Judge Hoadly, Gen Sawyne, Gen. Ewing, Hon. M. J. Gerrard and Warren Higley.

The funeral service, held at Cincinnati on March 8, in Christ church, was conpucted by the Rev. Dr. Gibson and the Rev. Dr. Forrest, the latter rector of Calvary church, Clifton, where Mr. Pendleton worshipped. It was attended by the family and friends only.

Meantime, one of the most imposing corteges ever seen in Cincinnati formed to escort the remains to Music hall. It was headed by a detachment of police, then the first regiment, O. N. G., and then Governor Campbell, of Ohio, and staff. Then the hearse, surrounded by the pall-bearers, and they were surrounded in hollow square by members of the Old Woodward club.

After the hearse came carriages containing the family and friends, and following them came Mayor Mosby, Governor Buckner, of Kentucky, ex-President Hayes and ex-Governor Foraker, ex-Governor J. D. Cox, ex-Governor E. F. Noyes, ex-Governor R. M. Bishop, ex-Minister A. Taft and ex-Lieut-Governor Lyon.

Notable in the procession were all the political clubs of both parties. The passage of the cortege on the streets was marked by respectful and sorrowful interest of great numbers of persons who knew the deceased in life.

CHURCH AND STATE.

A Complete Divorce in the New Republic of Brazil.

The Rio de Janeiro correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun* writes: The separation of the church and the state has taken a practical form. Under the Imperial government, the old Imperial church, which did duty as a cathedral for this bishopric, was pretty much pulled to pieces to prevent its falling down on its own weakness, and as engineer, with an assistant and a large staff of workmen, were making the dust and the money fly.

For some reason the wages of the workmen fell into arrears, and as under the empire it was customary to make complaints in such cases to the press, the poor innocents did the same on the present occasion. They soon found out that an empire with a state church was quite different from a republic with rather a free idea of the Deity, for the minister of the interior promptly ordered their wages paid, and quite as promptly ordered all work stopped on the cathedral.

The governor of St. Paulo has declined to pay over funds voted for church repairs, which he has decided must now be at the charge of the faithful. It is said the cathedral here will be rebuilt at the expense of members of the church.

All traces of church and state alliance, it is pointed out have not been obliterated. The new table of rations to be served the Brazilian navy on Fridays will comprise fish instead of beef. Nothing is mentioned made that in the recently published electoral regulations, constant reference is made to "Parish churches," "Parishes," etc., precisely as if the state church still existed.

Gladstonian Gain.

The election to fill vacancy in the house of commons for the Stamford division of Lincolnshire, caused by the resignation of Mr. John Compton Lawrence, Conservative, resulted in the return of Mr. Cust, Conservative, who received 4,236 votes, against 3,954 cast for his opponent, Mr. Priestly, Gladstonian. At the last preceding election Mr. Lawrence was returned without opposition.

New Tariff.

It is stated that the Mexican government proposes to adopt a new customs tariff system to go into operation June 1.

WINDOW GLASS.

Meeting of the Manufacturers Held in Cleveland.

About all the window glass manufacturers of the country were present at the meeting of their Western District association at Cleveland, O., on March 6. It was a special meeting called to consider prices and the state of business, topics in which all are interested, and all responded to the call. The object of the meeting was to adopt a list of the prices and fix the discounts.

The association decided unanimously to adopt the list of the Association of Window Glass Importers for French glass, which went into effect on the 12th. The old discount was 70, 10 and 5 per cent. The association decided that the new discount should be 80 and 10 per cent on car load lots, less the freight, and 80 and 5 per cent on less than car load lots, free on board at the factory. There is thus an increase in both the discounts and the price list, and a delegate said that the net increase in the price of glass would be about 5 per cent.

Behring Sea Troubles.

Negotiations in reference to a settlement of the Behring Sea dispute have proceeded so far that the Canadian government has telegraphed to the British government to instruct Captain Warren, of Victoria, to proceed to Washington forthwith to give evidence in reference to the claims of owners of the British vessels seized in Behring Sea. Warren was owner of the steamer Thornton, which was seized by the United States revenue cutter Corwin in the fall of 1886. He claims damages of about $40,000.

Southern Outrage.

The city editor of the Birmingham, Ala., *Evening News* received in his mail on March 8, a letter containing the bloody ear of a negro woman, cut off close to the head. The letter said:

Make a notice of this in your paper, and it may help the late owner to recover her lost property. It not called for forward to Senator Chandler at Washington. A DRUMMER.

There is no clew to the writer.

Need for Immediate Action.

Miss Clara Barton, president of the American National Association of the Red Cross, has been investigating the statement concerning the suffering and destitution existing among the pioneer settlers of North and South Dakota, with a view of aiding those in need of help. She has ascertained that there is urgent necessity for immediate action.

Buffalo Bill Cornered.

Col. Cody recently offered a large sum of money to any one who should succeed in riding one of his wild horses. Some peasants accomplished the task at Rome, Italy, on March 9, but Col. Cody refused to pay the promised reward on the ground that they were too long in mounting. The spectators hissed. The show will proceed to Florence to-morrow.

No Female Notaries in Ohio.

Some time ago Miss Julia L. Eggleston applied to Governor Campbell, of Ohio, for a commission as notary public. The governor referred the application to the attorney general for an opinion, and that official rendered his decision that the applicant, not being an elector, was not eligible to appointment.

REPUBLICAN LEAGUE.

The Meeting in Nashville—Annual Election of Officers.

It was after 11 o'clock when President Thurston rapped the national convention of the Republican league to order on March 6. Not more than half the delegates were then in their seats and the remainder kept straggling in until noon.

The proceedings were opened with prayer by Rev. Mr. Perrick, of New York, after which telegrams and letters were read from President Harrison, Republican Congressmen, Hon. T. C. Platt, of New York, and others. President Harrison's letter is as follows:

DEAR SIR: It gives me pleasure to acknowledge receipt of your letter of the 27th, extending on behalf of the executive committee of the Republican League of the United States, an invitation to me to attend the third annual convention of the league, to be held at Nashville, Tenn.

While I cannot accept the invitation neither can I refrain from expressing my interest in the success of your proposed meeting, and in the permanence and useful activities of the clubs which will be represented.

Such organizations are wholesome and desirable, if they form a party but from a public standpoint. They intest at young men in public affairs and compact and organize the interest thus excited into controlling political forces.

The party to which you belong has never suffered by a frank, intelligent discussion of its history or principles, and I am sure your organization will continue to furnish courageous and well appointed champions wherever the lists of debate are opened.

The election of officers of the Republican league resulted as follows:

President—Hon. John M. Thurston, of Nebraska.

Secretary—A. R. Humphreys, of New York.

Treasurer—Hon. Phineas Lounsberry, of Connecticut.

Vice presidents and members of the executive committee: Alabama, E. P. Jennings, R. W. Austin; Arkansas, W. Hemingway, J. L. Hindsley; Illinois, O. H. Gilmore, G. W. Patton; Indiana, I. N. Loop, Geo. W. Patchell; Iowa, H. M. Townser, T. M. Drake; Kansas, M. W. Walton, J. G. Stergeoper; Kentucky, Burton Vance, W. E. Riley; Louisiana, H. C. Warmoth, S. C. T. Herwig; Maryland, W. G. Tucker, Geo. L. Wellington; Michigan, B. F. Groves, L. K. Owens, Missouri, A. F. Parsons, D. E. Pearce; Nebraska, Jerrat Saunders, J. L. Webster; New York, E. P. Hefford, James A. Blanchard; Ohio, J. T. Sutphin, Horace M. Deal; Pennsylvania, John N. Neebe, J. T. Hendricks; South Carolina, R. M. Memminger, J. S. McLane; South Dakota, R. F. Pettigrew, C. H. Fletcher; Tennessee, W. L. Owenby, T. H. Reeves; Texas, D. M. Angle, S. T. Haines; Vermont, N. L. Keller, M. S. Coby; Virginia, D. A. Windsor, A. W. Harris; Wisconsin, C. E. Hooker, W. J. McElvoy; District of Columbia, A. M. Clapp, Lewis Cleppame; Alaska, J. H. Smith L. K. Torbett.

LOW LANDS FLOODED.

The Lower Mississippi Breaking Through its Banks.

Reports from the Lower Mississippi River on March 10, to the effect that the flood it that stream has become alarmingly high; that the levees are breaking at various places, and that there is great apprehension that a large section of the country on both sides of the river will be inundated.

The latest report is that the levee at Sappington Hoop, six miles above Arkansas City, Ark., broke on March 9. The crevasse was 40 feet wide at last reports, and still widening. The water lacked 1½ feet of being to the top of the levee, and the break was a complete surprise, there being no appearance of weakness up to within a few minutes before the break.

Within 24 hours the whole of the river front from the crevasse to the Louisiana line will be flooded. The whole of the Tensas basin of Louisiana, consisting of eight or nine parishes, will undoubtedly be covered by water.

The river at Arkansas City is 47 feet five tenths on the guage, four-tenths above high water mark and is still r